THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 74. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, March 16, 1895. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 37

EVOLUTION.

BY K. B.

A spring: upwelling from unfathomed source,
The tiny rivulet, the brook so free,
The river rushing in its destined course
To add its volume to a changeless sea.

A life: begun in mystery divine,
The laughing child, the youth with love athrill,
The man fulfilling an all-wise design
And striving toward the ocean of God's will.

The Cedar's Mystery.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LUCKY ESCAPE!" "JIM HARVEY'S REVENGE," "JUST MY LUCK!" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

"ADELINE up early!" exclaimed Dick the next morning. "What next, I wonder! The skies will fall, and those larks be caught at last."

Old Martha was bustling about as usual, laying the breakfast table, but even Jo's flower-vases were yet unfilled, and that Adeline came down-stairs.

Miss Wallingford was walking up the garden path, apparently engrossed in the contents of an open letter she held in her hand, and seemingly quite unconscious that Dick stood in the open window of the dining room and was watching her. As she approached him she folded up the letter, enclosed it in its envelope, and put it in her pocket before she became aware of his presence—at least so he would have thought. But in fact the letter had been in her hand and the little pantomime ready for acting as soon as spectators were secured.

"Good morning!" exclaimed Dick, advancing to meet her. "Have you—ah—used Pears' soap?"

Adeline laughed as she replied—

"That can't interest you much, Dick. Were you going to ask me if I had received a letter? If so, I will inform you that I have, and that I am sorry to say I am obliged to go up to London on business today."

"If you are sorry, so am I—that is only polite and proper. Can I go for you, or accompany you as escort?"

"Oh, no, thanks; I will not trouble you! I shall only have to take a cab to the office, and"—with a little pathetic look—"I am used now to taking care of myself."

Dick could not help wondering what business Adeline could still have to attend to, but he could not very well question her. Then the breakfast-bell rang, and they went in together. Old Martha stood at the sideboard, while Mrs. Greyson and Jo were at table.

"Mother," said Dick, "Adeline has to run up to town to-day. She has received a letter this morning, and is obliged to go on business. What is the matter, Martha?"

"I dropped the dish-cover, Mr. Dick," replied the old woman sulkily, and left the room immediately.

After breakfast, Martha beckoned to Dick as he passed through the hall, and he went to her at once in the kitchen.

"She never did, the young cat!" exclaimed Martha. "She never got no letter this morning!"

"How do you know?"

"Know! Why, I was down at the side gate taking in the milk when Tomkins passed! I said, 'If you've anything for us, you can give it me here,' I said, 'and not trouble to go round to the front.' 'There's nothing for you this morning, mum,' he says, so civil, looking first in his bag to make sure. She never got no letters today—that she didn't!"

"Thank you, Martha; don't let her know you have told me," replied Dick quietly; and, when Adeline came down equipped for her journey, he was ready to accompany her.

"Let me get your ticket for you," said Dick; and the girl went out on to the platform, leaving him to do so. Providing himself with two tickets, one of which he slipped into his own pocket, he rejoined her.

"Let me look out for a nice seat for you," he said. "My notion of comfort is a corner seat on the farther side, where people don't scramble over your feet at every station. Would you like that?"

"Yes, please."

"Facing the engine?"—"No, back to the engine, please."

As the train came in he managed to find her such a seat, and, having made her comfortable and said "Good-bye," he left her, and sprang into the guard's van when the train was absolutely in motion.

"Hallo!" exclaimed that official.

"It's all right, old chap. I don't want to have to dawdle about [illegible] nonsense all

"No, it's bad enough to have to pay the damage for all the fal-lals, isn't it?" replied the guard, laughing sympathetically.

"That's true," responded Dick ruefully, as if milliner's bills had been the bane of his life. "I ought to stand a drink to pay my footing. I'm not supposed to be going up to town. You won't know me again if you see me in a big moustache, will you?"

"Not I!" the guard answered. "Bless you, I was young myself once, though perhaps you mightn't think so to look at me."

Meanwhile Adeline had settled down in her corner. Every now and then she raised her hand to her chest and touched it lightly. Once there was a faint crackling sound, and she looked round startled. No one apparently had noticed it, and she seemed relieved. Adeline remembered hearing that pickpockets were guided in their operations by the nervous fingering by their victims of the receptacles containing their treasures, and she touched the bosom of her dress no more.

Arrived in London, Adeline at once chartered a hansom, and Dick, securing another, followed. His driver, obeying instructions to keep the first one in sight, slackened his speed after a while and addressed Dick through the opening in the roof.

"Stopped at Storr and Mortimer's, sir," he informed him. "Lady got out and gone in shop, carrying a small hand-bag."

"Thanks! Hang round till she comes out, and follow again."

Once more Adeline's destination was a jeweler's shop, and again Dick waited; but, when a third jeweler's was reached, he said curtly—

"That is enough—back to the station!"

"Poor girl!" he thought. "She is parting with her little treasures to find money for that blackmailing brute, whoever he is."

The next day, Gerald rode over to the Cedars attended by a groom, who led two horses carrying side-saddles, the man relinquishing his own steed to Dick.

"We must have one more gallop together before I am off to Scotland," said Mr. Passy. "And, if you are not going away this summer, I hope you will exercise the horses sometimes when I am gone."

Adeline was equipped in her perfectly-made, exquisitely-cut habit, and Jo felt a lump rise in her throat as she contrasted her own appearance in the home-made black-serge jacket and skirt that had done duty as a habit hitherto. She resolutely overcame the feeling however, and determined not to be mean if she could help it.

Both girls were soon in the saddle and cantering down the lane in the direction of the common. Dick whispered a question to Gerald, and received an equally mysterious reply. The next moment Dick was at Adeline's bridle-rein, leading her horse carefully over broken ground, while Jo found herself with Gerald's hand on her rein, and their horses quite twenty yards behind the other two.

"Am I forgiven?" the young fellow asked, stooping over Jo and looking into her face.

"I did not know there was anything to forgive," she replied, looking at him with a frank expression. "Does not Adeline look well on horseback?"

The look of his face changed from one of pleading to that of indifference, and, though he still led the horse till the rough ground was passed, he bent no more over the rid[illegible]

The [illegible]le party had now reache[illegible] smoo[illegible] of the cor[illegible]

"Sh[illegible]

"[illegible] it be the old run across country to the gate of Larcheroft. You don't mind a brook and a couple of fences, do you, Miss Wallingford?"

"Not at all; but I hope you don't expect me to crash through a bullfinch."

"There are not any between this and Larcheroft. Shall we give the ladies a start, Dick?"

"Why on earth should we? Our goes have to carry a lot more. No, no, let us be fair. It would be an impertinence to suppose they need any allowance."

"The only thing is I don't know the way," Adeline observed.

"You see the white house on the hillside, just visible among the trees?" replied Dick, pointing with his hunting-crop. "That is Larcheroft, Major Powys' place. The route is simple enough—almost as the crow flies. You cross a brook about a mile from here, and half a mile farther on there is a drop jump of about five feet into Berriston Lane. Then you skirt the spinney on the opposite side, going along the lane until you get open country again, and another half mile across heather brings you into Larcheroft Road. The one who reaches it first will be the winner."

In a few minutes afterwards the horses were all at full speed crossing the common. The brook was soon passed, and Adeline and Dick were the first couple to drop into Berriston Lane, and, turning abruptly to the left, swept along in the direction of the open country beyond the spinney.

"Jo, if you'll take the bigger leap to the left we can pass them yet," cried Gerald.

Jo wheeled her horse at once. Instead of taking the leap opposite to the spinney, where the drop was least, they were aiming straight for the open country, and a post and rails, with a low quick-set fence, had to be negotiated in addition to the drop into the road.

There was a nasty take-off, and unless the ground had been in perfect condition it would have been foolhardy to hazard the jump. But Jo had cleared it before, and Gerald had every confidence in her skill. As her horse however rose at the fence, a shambling figure that had been crouching against the bank on the other side sprang up with a cry. The horse swerved and fell, and the next moment Jo was flung headlong into the long grass and brambles by the roadside. Gerald dismounted in a moment and raised her in his arms.

"I am so sorry!" cried the tramp as he hurried forward. "Can I do anything?"

"Take my hat and bring some water quickly," said Gerald. "There's a pool about fifty yards farther down the road."

The man hurried away, and returned in a few moments carrying the hat full of water.

"I hope the lady is not injured, sir," he said anxiously.

"I hope not," returned Gerald gravely, and sprinkled some of the water upon Jo's pale face, while the tramp opened one of her clenched hands and rubbed it gently.

In a few moments the girl sighed and opened her eyes.

"Where am I?" she asked as she tried to sit up. "Oh, I remember now! Did I hurt you?"—addressing the man.

"No, no; I'm sorry I frightened your horse." Then he drew back suddenly, and, turning away, hurried along the lane.

"How strange! He brought that water and has not waited for a tip. Are you hurt, dear?" asked Gerald.

"Not at all—only scratched a little, and just a bit [illegible]ed. How stupid of me to fall, and [illegible] faint!"

"Yo[illegible] See how well [illegible]ving, waiting [illegible]

"Yes, [illegible] is, not just no[illegible] tice that man, Jerry

"Not particularly. Wa[illegible]

"His hands were white and[illegible] and he spoke in the tone of an edu[illegible] man. Did you ever see a tramp in blue spectacles before?"

"No—never. Had he blue spectacles?"

"Did you not notice?"

"I noticed nothing but you," replied Gerald, looking at her anxiously. "Do you feel giddy, Jo?"

"A little—nothing worth mentioning: it will pass off soon, I think. Here come Dick and Adeline. Don't say anything about my fall, as it will vex Dick, and——"

"And what?" demanded Gerald.

"Adeline will quiz."

"No, she won't; and besides, you are so dusty any one can see that you've had a cropper."

"Well," continued Mr. Passy as the others rode up—"here you are! We are out of it altogether, you see. A tramp startled Firefly as he was leaping, and Jo has had a narrow escape. Fortunately her horse did not fall or roll on her, and, but for the shaking and the dust, neither is much the worse."

Adeline gracefully expressed her anxiety and sympathy, while Dick's eyes showed how glad he was of his sister's escape; but neither Jo nor her cavalier gave another thought to the tramp.

"We are nearer Woodthorpe than the Cedars," said Gerald. "Will you come in and have some luncheon?"

"How about mother? She will be waiting for us."

"No, she won't, Dick, for I asked her if I might ask you in. You will come, will you not?"

"I shall be delighted!" cried Adeline. "I think Woodthorpe an ideal place."

Their horses' heads were turned in the direction of Woodthorpe, and Adeline addressing some question to Gerald about the architecture of the old manor-house, the latter was obliged to ride beside her, while Jo followed with her brother, who anxiously questioned her about her fall.

During the luncheon Adeline managed to monopolize Mr. Passy's attention almost entirely. Jo, who had really been more shaken by her fall than she chose to confess, talked but little, and Dick was silent and preoccupied.

Adeline conversed well, and her bright intelligent remarks and questions regarding pictures, carvings, curios and other household treasures at Woodthorpe held their owner enthralled—she appealed to him so prettily for information, and listened with such an air of absorbed interest to all he told her.

"I don't wonder you love the old place," she remarked at last. "If I were you, I should indeed be proud of it."

And then Gerald remembered her declared intention of "remaining in England and marrying the Squire."

"That she will certainly not do," he thought; and after a few courteous words he turned to Jo and drew her into the conversation, but from Dick he could get only a few monosyllables.

"What has happened to you?" he asked the latter as they were going round the greenhouses together.

"I'll tell you by-and-by," replied Dick hastily, as Adeline turned to ask the name of some flower.

A basket of grapes and another of peaches were gathered for Mrs. Greyson, and then Gerald, thinking that Jo had had enough of riding for the day, had the pony-carriage brought round for them at four o'clock, a groom on horseback attending to drive the ponies home and leave his horse for his master.

"Just in time for a cup of tea, Mrs. Greyson!" exclaimed Gerald gayly, to interrupt her expressions of pleasure with regard to the fruit and flowers. He never could endure to be thanked, and always interrupted speeches of the kind, sometimes with an abruptness that bordered on brusquerie.

Jo and Adeline had gone to their rooms to remove their riding-habits, and Gerald took the opportunity to whisper hastily to Dick—

"Walk part of the way home with me?"

The latter nodded acquiescence, and Mr. Passy at once addressed himself to Mrs. Greyson, giving an account of Jo's fall, and blaming himself for suggesting the leap that led to it. When the girls came down, Mrs. Greyson looked up, smiling, and addressed her niece.

"Adeline, my [illegible] forgot to say that there [illegible] Fro[illegible] your special? [illegible] the *bellotro*

[illegible]ainly does [illegible]ittle," she added,

[illegible]ne letter unopened into her [illegible] took her tea from Dick quite composedly, and chatted about the Manor House and the fruit and flowers in such a manner that but for her heightened color no one could have supposed that she was really in a state of intense anxiety, longing to be alone to read the contents of her letter.

After tea Gerald rose to depart.

"Walk with me a little way," he said to Dick as he mounted; and the latter, waving his hand to the group in the porch, turned to do so.

"Well?" asked Gerald, as soon as they were out of hearing.

"She has a letter from Mabel Burton," said Dick.

"Yes; I noticed that."

"That tramp who frightened Firefly today had white hands, spoke like a man of education, and wore blue spectacles. It is another edition of the man with the red beard, and I am sure the letter she has received has something to do with it."

"I think so too, although I do not see that you can take any steps in the matter, Dick, unless you have the good fortune to catch him in the act of trying to intimidate your cousin."

Young Greyson shook his head ruefully.

"It bothers me," he replied. "It is quite evident, Jerry, that neither of us is cut out for a detective. I will do what I can if an opportunity offers, but I have no talent for making an opportunity."

Then both were silent for a few moments.

"Come down and have a swim in the morning, will you, Dick?" inquired Jerry.

"Yes, I should like it. Six o'clock as usual, I suppose."

"Yes, we can't risk being any later. The old place, eh?"

"Yes, the old place. Well, I won't go any farther. Good night, old man!"

"Good night!"

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was barely half-past five when Dick went out the next morning and walked briskly down to the river.

He was soon paddling his canoe with vigorous strokes against the stream in the direction of Woodthorpe to meet Gerald. The morning was bright, the water clear not cold, and, both men being young and healthy, it was nearly seven o'clock before they had finished their swim and dressed again.

"I wish you would come home with me to breakfast this morning," said Dick. "I sha'n't see much more of you if you are off to Scotland and the London hospitals."

"I'll come with pleasure," replied Gerald.

So the canoe was abandoned for Gerald's skiff, which soon floated down the stream. Securing the craft to the mooring-place, the young men walked together up the woodland path.

Their footsteps made no noise on the thick moss under the trees, and, before either of them had spoken, the sound of other voices arrested their attention. The words came to them clear and distinct in the stillness of the woods, where the silence was unbroken save by the chirp and twitter of the birds.

"They have promised me three thousand pounds for them, Addie. You must give them to me."

Dick gripped his companion's arm, and both stood still. Adeline's voice came to them quite distinctly, as she was but a few yards away.

"How insane you are—how ready to fall into the trap set for you! Do you suppose for one moment they will let you escape them? I have tried to save you from your folly. Do be content! *I* have no more conscience about the matter than you, but certainly I would not run that risk for twenty times three thousand pounds!"

"It is all very well," interrupted the man savagely, "to have a ten-pound note doled out by you at your pleasure! No—I'll have this three thousand pounds to do as I please with, and endeavor to retrieve my fortune!"

"That has always been the excuse," she answered—"you were always going to retrieve your fortunes! You had some marvellous system that was to work such wonders, and how has it always ended? [illegible] lost and lost; and now, if [illegible] had [illegible] for[illegible] being [illegible] cause- me to [illegible] rant I am tired of the life I have led for the past six years! Go abroad, and I will come to you. Let me send back those papers; there is money enough without them."

"No," cried the man malignantly—"you shall give them to me! I will have them—I will have them!"

"It is of no use threatening me," replied the girl coldly. "I will burn them rather than give them to you if you do that!"

"I must have them—I will have them!" exclaimed the man hoarsely. "Addie, I command you by the duty you owe me!"

The girl gave a short scornful laugh.

"Duty to you," she echoed—"you, who rob the living and dishonor the dead? Poor Redwood, he was a man of honor and a gentleman! How any one could ever have been deluded——"

Then her voice died away in a faint cry, for the man had sprung upon and seized her by the throat. The next moment Passy and Dick had dashed through the underwood, and the man who had frightened Firefly lay at their feet, felled by a well-directed blow from Gerald, and Adeline sank trembling and exhausted into Dick's arms.

"Who is this scoundrel?" thundered Dick, glaring at the tramp, who had raised himself on his elbow. The fellow's wig had fallen off and his spectacles were broken to pieces.

"Good heavens, it is Redwood!" exclaimed Gerald, standing over him with clenched fists and flashing eyes. "You villain, so you are unearthed at last!"

Then Adeline uttered a cry and flung herself upon her knees at Gerald's feet.

"Let him go, Mr. Passy—let him go, and I will return all the papers, the securities, and nearly all the money! Oh, do be merciful! He is an old man. Let him go!"

"You will have to give those up in any case, Miss Wallingford. Besides, you are asking me to compound a felony. What is Redwood, the thief and forger, to you?"

"Redwood is dead; he died in America of fever," she said, rising and standing with bent head and downcast eyes. "He died trusting his friend to complete his work and take home its results to his employers. Mr. Redwood was taken ill, and, his beard growing during his sickness, his friend noticed the resemblance between himself and the ailing man. Redwood was buried in America under a false name, and the man he trusted returned to England to take advantage of his resemblance to the dead man."

"Can it be true?" cried Passy.

"Is it possible?" gasped Dick.

"Who is this man, then, and what is he to you?" demanded Passy sternly.

"He is my father! Let him go, for Mrs. Greyson's and Jo's sake!"

"Don't consider me!" exclaimed Dick vehemently. "We are not of his blood, thank Heaven; and, if we were, duty is duty! Do what is right, Jerry, come what may."

Mr. Passy stood looking silently down at the prostrate man.

"You miserable hound!" he said at last. "I wish I could see one touch of shame, one particle of regret for the dishonor you have brought upon an innocent man, upon one whose name was at your mercy, and which you have shamelessly vilified."

"Let him go!" pleaded Adeline once more. "I will restore everything if you will but let him go! Mr. Passy, what good will it do you to make that old man end his days in prison? What good will it do you to proclaim my sin to the world? You cannot get the things back without my aid; I have taken care of that. I will restore everything, and ask of your charity enough to take my father out of England. But I require freedom for him as well as myself."

"Others must decide that, Miss Wallingford. I will endeavor to do my best for you; but in return I shall expect you to deal fairly with me. I shall take your father to the Manor House with me, and you must go home with Dick and come over at noon with all papers and property that you have in your possession. I shall telegraph for two of the directors to come down and will do my best to induce them not to prosecute. Your only chance is in being straightforward and truthful now."

"Need aunt Emily know?"

"I think not. I will send the ponies over at eleven, and the brougham for you and Dick half an hour later. You can go through the form of declining to go out driving when the ponies come. I will do my best to save you both if you let me."

Adeline laughed a strange mirthless laugh.

"Another part to act!" she remarked. "Can't you pretend th[illegible] we have been out *for a m[illegible]rning wa[illegible]*"

"I'[illegible] not contradict [illegible]on if you say so," he replied coldly.

At eleven o'clock the ponies came, and Adeline, pleading as an excuse important letters that must be written, persuaded her aunt and cousin to go out together. When the brougham came, Adeline carried down what appeared to be a simple traveling-bag.

"Allow me!" said Dick.

"No, thank you; it would be dangerous," she answered, with a determined puckering of her cruel-looking lips.

"What—can you suppose," began Dick.

"You will know the reason by and by," she returned curtly.

Adeline and Dick, the former still carrying her bag and refusing all assistance, were ushered into the presence of the directors in the library. The girl flushed hotly when Gerald alone rose to receive her, the other two simply raising their eye-glasses to view her more clearly.

"And what has this young—ah!—person to say for herself?" inquired one of the directors blandly.

"There is nothing to be said for me!" replied Adeline scornfully. "All that remains to be said concerns you alone. This bag contains the money and all the papers. If you touch it, you destroy them all. Only I can open it without breaking to pieces a bottle containing strong sulphuric acid. You know what the result will be. Take it and risk it if you like, but recollect that I have warned you."

The directors looked at each other and at Mr. Passy in amazement.

"What else have you to say, Miss Wallingford?" asked Gerald.

"I will restore you all on my own terms. My father's freedom, my own, together with the three thousand pounds he says you promised him by advertisement in the Times, are the price I ask."

"How much of the money is gone already, Miss Wallingford?" inquired Mr. Passy.

"About eight thousand pounds," replied Adeline calmly.

"Eight thousand!" cried the prisoner hoarsely. "Why, I—— Ah—um!"

Whatever he might have intended to say died away in an inarticulate murmur as Adeline glanced at him.

"We will consider that my loss," Gerald observed, "and I refuse to prosecute. If you recover everything else, will you be satisfied?"

"We shall require this man to sign a statement," began one of the directors pompously.

"That man will sign nothing," Adeline remarked calmly. "You know the story, and that is enough. He ruined himself by gambling and speculation in stocks and shares. He found in personating Mr. Redwood an opportunity of relieving his fortunes, and he did it successfully until now. Of course I was aware of it all the time, therefore I suppose I am as guilty as he. If he had done as I wished, the securities and deeds would have been returned to you long ago, and we should have gone abroad with the money. I have nothing more to say. If you wish to secure the papers, you must accept my terms."

"If we find the papers and securities all right, we may take it into consideration," began the pompous director again.

"You will find nothing," remarked the girl, "until I have Mr. Passy's assurance that, as soon as I have handed you over the property, my father and I may go forth free."

"Why mine?" asked Gerald.

"I should believe you," she replied curtly.

"I wish it to be understood," Mr. Passy proceeded, "that the three thousand pounds this young lady asks for can also be paid out of my money invested in your hands. As you will then lose nothing, you can go longer complain."

This was decisive. The point was conceded at once, and Adeline opened the bag carefully a few inches only and, inserting her hand, drew out a thin glass phial.

"See," she said—"it hung suspended swinging against two iron rods. One rough touch would have destroyed everything." Then she drew parchments, deeds, and rolls of bank notes, which the directors scanned eagerly.

"The papers are all right," they observed; "but eight thousand pounds are missing."

"She told you so," said Gerald. "Hand her three thousand more and let the matter end. You will of course debit me with the amount."

The sum named was placed in her bag and handed back to her.

"I will keep him her[illegible] [illegible]rved Mr. Passy, glancing at th[illegible] and meet you with him when an[illegible] [illegible] please. You will go abroad?"

[illegible] and, bowing gravely to him, but taking no notice of the directors, Adeline took her departure.

Dick rejoined her and took his seat by her side in the brougham.

"Adeline, if you will leave it to me, I will make all the explanations necessary and save you the annoyance."

"Must they know?" she asked.

"Not more than I choose to tell them," he answered.

Mrs. Greyson and Jo heard with amazement that Adeline had been the means of discovering the scamp who had personated poor Mr. Redwood and of restoring the property to the bank, and was now going abroad to join some American friends. But Dick never for one instant suspected that there were seven thousand pounds' worth of diamonds in the false bottom of that dressing-bag.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOST THE BEAR AND GOOSE.—A Montana hunting party, among whom were Justice W. H. DeWitt, of the Supreme Court, and Percy Kennett, returned home recently from a trip to the vicinity of Cascade. While there Judge DeWitt shot and slightly wounded a goose. Having captured the bird, and not wishing to finish it just then, Judge DeWitt anchored the goose to the only bottle of beer there was left in the party. He tied the bottle to the goose's leg. The party then proceeded down the river. They had not gone far before they heard a "whir-r-r," and, looking up, saw the supposed disabled goose sailing through the air with the beer bottle hanging to its leg. Judge DeWitt didn't want the beer, but he wanted the goose. The others wanted the beer worse than they did the goose. The Judge, however, thought he would bring down the bottle by killing the goose. So he took a shot. Instead of killing the bird he hit the bottle and shattered it, and the goose went off with the fragments hanging to its leg. So the Judge lost his goose and the others of the party lost their beer.

IN condemning a Munich paper to pay a fine of $25 for an unfavorable criticism of a new portrait, the original of which is well known there, the Judge said a critic had a right only to judge a picture from an artistic point of view, and not to draw any moral inference.

A CULINARY ARTIST.

IT WAS at a fashionable West-end hotel where we were introduced to the chef, and those who have had occasion to lunch or dine at the establishment in question will be able to testify to the artistic ability of the gentleman who rules over the cuisine department.

Arrayed in the spotless white apparel which is invariably donned by the high priests of the kitchen, the courteous cook gave us a hearty welcome, and leading us through the subterraneous portion of the building given over to "things culinary," conducted us to his own sanctum, and assured us that both he and his colleague, the chief pastry-cook, would do their best to give us the information we required.

"How do I spend my day?" replied the chef to our inquiry as to the nature of his duties. "Well, that depends. Take, for instance, a day in the middle of the season. The first thing happening in the kitchen is the breakfasts. With these, as a rule, I don't interfere, although I am here, keeping my eye, as it were, on every dish that goes up; but between breakfast and lunch time I begin to get busy. I alone am responsible for how the work is carried on in the kitchen. Everything is left to me, and, of course, I have a free hand to do as I like.

"I order everything in—fish, game, poultry, and meat. I compose the menus for the day; besides which I must be everywhere, and see everything that's going on. During the season I have, as a rule, ten cooks under me, and the kitchen is divided into five sections. For instance, there is the soup-cook, the fish-cook, the sauce cook, who does the entrees, the roast-cook, all of whom have a second cook under them. Besides these, there is the larder-cook, who gives out everything which is required; so, you see, it is necessary for a chef to be a good organizer as well as a good cook."

"After the menus for the day are composed," we remarked, "I suppose you are then busy preparing the dishes?"

"Ah!" replied the chef; "I will let you into a secret about that. Do you know where half the secret of good cooking lies? I will tell you. It is this: never cook a meal at a hotel or a restaurant, order some special dish, and expect to see it on the table within five minutes of giving the order. Now a good cook won't do this. He knows that a dish must be cooked and sent up at once, and not made and kept hot for an indefinite time.

"If you ordered a dinner from the carte here, or dined at the table d'hote, every dish you ordered would be made expressly for you and your party. This is essential, for to every dish three things are necessary; a good cook, the very best of everything that money can buy, on our part; while you must bring enough patience to wait until the dish is prepared and cooked.

"As to writing the menus, that is only the prelude to the fray. It is when the dinners are ordered that the battle begins, and it sounds very like as if a battle were going on when we are busy, what with the clashing of the pans on the stoves and the cooks running about and calling to each other. Only last season a mason who, one evening, was doing something to the wall outside the kitchen windows while we were getting the dinner ready, went round to the hall-porter and told him that he had better send somebody round to the kitchen at once, as from what he heard he should think the cooks were quarreling and having a free fight with the pans.

"Do I taste most of the dishes? Yes, as a rule; and when a dish doesn't fall in with my idea of what it ought to be, I point out the fault to the cook who has it in hand and have it made over again.

"Some of our guests, however, like a dish made in a particular way, or specially flavored. We have a great many connoisseurs dine here, and many of these have their particular dishes; but I soon find out what they like, and send it up accordingly.

"But it is in inventing dishes that the art of the chef comes in. If, for instance, I, or any of the cooks, have an idea for a new dish, it is made, and a solemn consultation is held over it by all of us. Each one tastes it and gives his opinion, while if any of us can suggest an improvement, so much the better. Should I think the dish a success, I put it on the menu, and if the guests like it, I place it with the other accepted dishes in my book. That is the way we invent most of our new dishes.

"But it is not only necessary for a dish to taste well; it must also look appetizing. Personally, I never use any coloring, save what I make myself from vegetables. With vegetables, if you know how, you can make every color that you want in cooking, from the deepest red to the palest pea-green, with the addition of advantages of having a coloring both tasteless and harmless.

"A chef's most trying time, I should say, is during the months of June and July. Then there are more visitors to look after, the weather is hot, and we feel that in the kitchen; the meat is less tender, for it cannot be kept any time, and there is no game in the market, so the cook has fewer dishes to fall back upon; but it is in these times that the really good chef shines, although his ingenuity is often severely taxed.

"As to feeling the heat, I am glad to say it does not trouble me; but that is because I am very careful, and drink scarcely anything all day, save a tumbler or two of weak wine and water. Then, again, I never feel tired. I may be, and very often am, on my feet from nine o'clock in the morning to nine at night, but I always feel as fresh at the end of the day as I did at the beginning. Not that cooking is easy work by any means. What with bending over the stoves, and the heat, one need be used to the life to be able to stand it."

"And you yourself," we asked; "are you an advocate for French-made dinners, or for plain living?"

The chef smiled.

"To tell you the truth," he answered, "I must own to being a gourmet. I make little dishes for myself, excellent little conceptions they are, too, and, what is more, I enjoy them, so you see that I at least am a believer in my art."

"And now, before bidding you adieu," we said, "just tell me what you consider to be the necessary qualifications for a good chef."

"The necessary qualifications for a good chef," replied the chef, after a moment's deliberation, "are a gift for organizing, a temper, economy, cleanliness, cleverness, and perhaps I may be permitted to add that a chef, to be a really first-class chef, must be born of French parents."

THE THINGS THEY LIKE TO BUY.

It was [illegible] since the Queen [illegible] Court. Certainly, she has not done so since the death of the Prince Consort, though, before that unhappy event, it was a common occurrence for her to inspect the wares of many tradesmen in the provincial cities she visited. There are letters of hers extant in which she expresses the delight which a first view of the shops of Edinburgh gave to her; while a few of the older tradesmen in the West End can still recall the occasion when, with Prince Albert, she came personally to see some object to which she had taken a fancy.

At the present time the entire management of her Majesty's finances are in the hands of Sir Henry Ponsonby. She rarely has a sovereign in her possession; it is seldom that there is a royal purse, let alone anything inside it. She is nevertheless a spender of money, and a ready buyer both of artistic objects and of many other ornaments. But the shops, in a sense, go to her; she does not go to the shops.

Let us take the case of a purchase of jewels. Her Majesty's love of precious stones is notorious. A great diamond is found in South Africa. It comes to this country. The owner is anxious to part with it. He thinks the Queen might purchase it. Very well; he writes to Windsor or to Osborne, and begs the honor of exhibiting the treasure. In nine cases out of ten the favor is accorded. Her Majesty consents to see the gem. It is taken to the Castle, and the whole history of it is discussed, together with its value. Nor is the bargain, if bargain there be, concluded with any readiness. Bids are made just as in ordinary dealing, and if money "changes hands" we may be quite sure that no absurd fancy price has been paid.

Once the dealing over, the rest of the transaction is simple. The stone goes into the royal collection, a check is drawn by the Keeper of the Privy Purse, and the dealer is sent away happy. In such a case it is the Queen's own judgment which is the final tribunal; but where pictures are at stake, her Majesty must often buy through the report of others.

As we know, she follows the criticisms of each "Academy" with a powerful interest. Should any picture be commended strongly by the "Times"—which is the one daily paper read to her regularly—she sends Sir Henry or some other accredited delegate to see it. If possible, photographs are sent to Windsor, and if the subject be to her liking, she will buy, and buy generously.

In the case of the famous "Roll Call," which was one of the greatest Academy sensations ever known, the Queen did not care to wait until the closing of the annual exhibition at Burlington House before getting her picture. She commanded it to Windsor while the exhibition was still open, and it was sent, a blank space being left upon the walls. This magnificent work is now at Windsor Castle with the other military pictures which the Queen has bought; for of all subjects which the painter can choose, none please so much at Court as those of which soldiers are the centre.

Of sculpture, her Majesty is not a very large purchaser, but she has given stout encouragement to one or two foreign sculptors, and occasionally she buys from the Academy and other galleries. In this she is advised chiefly by Princess Louise, who is absorbed in the art, and a good patron of it.

In the matter of royal purchases of books, literature has nothing to complain about. All the latest and most popular works of fiction are sent for to the Palace; and in addition to these purchases, made through Mr. Mudie, many authors send elaborately-bound volumes of their productions to Windsor, and receive in return little letters of acknowledgement from Sir Henry, and in some cases from Princess Henry of Battenberg. It is customary to ask her permission before sending the volumes, but this is rarely refused, though the acceptance of a dedication is not common.

LOVE TOKENS.—Sailors, who are said to be the most superstitious of men, and oftenest away from Poll or Sue, are great at love tokens. They wear a charm on a silken string around their necks; they tattoo their manly arms with two hearts transfixed by a single arrow, and marked respectively "Jack" and "Molly," and they believe, or pretend to believe, in the magic power of such symbolical unions to keep their affections true to their loves against all the allurements of alien beauty.

Moreover, the keepsake, besides containing as often as possible the hair [illegible] love, object, is almost always [illegible] is a common enough indefinite feeling that it ought to be something rather useless in gold or silver. It remains remotely true, in fact, to its amulet origin.

Gold and silver and precious stones are of immense antiquity. Something to hang around your neck on a string; something to wear on your watch chain; or, failing these, something in the way of necklet, bracelet, brooch, ear-ring—that is the ordinary ideal of the keepsake.

The ideal, in short, descends from a time when clothing was scanty, personal ornament was a matter of high importance, barbaric decoration alone was then known, and goods and chattels were few and simple. We seldom think of giving as a keepsake anything that cannot be worn about the person.

A SLEIGH SEVENTY SEVEN FEET LONG.—The people of Farmington, N. H., believe that Farmington can boast of having the greatest "coaster" in New England. Its prominent qualities are length, strength, speed and beauty. It was built by its owner, Harvey Pearl, a painter. Its object was to win a wager that he would coast across the bridge at the Hosiery Mill, which is a half mile from the foot of the hill on Main street.

The big sled, which is known as "Uncle Sam," is 77 feet long, and carries 70 adults. Mr. Pearl always steers, and has taken big loads down the hill, running a mile a minute without ever meeting with an accident. He is a man of great strength and steady nerve. He recently lifted, clear of the ground, a stone roller which weighed 1000 pounds.

Mr. Pearl recently gave a coasting party for the children. In honor of the event the schools closed, and business was practically suspended, and Main street, thoroughly iced from the aqueduct, was thrown open for the coasters. Mr. Pearl, besides accommodating eighty-five on Uncle Sam, used his last season's triple runner for the benefit of about 47.

Uncle Sam was used exclusively for the children, except on the last trip, with 72 passengers, mostly grown people, it broke the town's coasting record by about 700 feet, winning a barrel of apples and an oyster supper for the party.

THE largest ropes in the world, 3 inches in diameter and 1260 feet in length, have been made for the driving wheel of a Chicago cable road.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE HORSE'S EYE.—The horse's eye has a thick, glutinous secretion because his eye being large and much exposed to dust the viscid secretion cleanses it more effectually than would a more watery agent.

IN COLD COUNTRIES.—Animals that live in cold countries have a warm matting of wool or fine fur underneath their hairy coats, so that they are almost perfectly protected from the cold. This wool usually falls off in summer.

THE TUNES.—The tunes of a piano organ are changed once a year, and the cost of a new set, consisting of 10 tunes, is about $15. Owing to the intricacies of the instrument, if a new tune is required an entire fresh set must be put in.

THE WOMEN.—In Dutch Guiana the women carry upon their persons all the family savings in the shape of heavy bracelets, anklets, necklaces, and even crowns of gold and silver. They wear weighty earrings, and huge rings, six or eight inches in diameter, dangle from their noses.

WHALES.—It is believed that whales often attain the age of 400 years. The number of years these huge creatures have lived is ascertained by counting the layers of laminæ forming the horny substance known as "whalebone." These laminæ increase yearly, just as the "growths" do on a tree.

CLOVES.—The clove tree is found in nearly every one of the West Indian Islands, and especially at Jamaica, Trinidad, Grenada, St. Vincent, and Dominica. The largest number of trees is probably found in Grenada, and in that "spice island" nutmegs, mace, and cloves are exported to the value of about $50,000 or $60,000 yearly.

TEST OF DEATH.—A foreign scientist has a new test of death. With a candle produce a blister on the hand or foot of the body. If the blister, upon being opened with a needle or other instrument, is found to contain fluid of any kind, there is still life in the supposed corpse. Should it contain steam only, however, the vital spark has flown.

VOICE-CHANGE [illegible] VILL.—A foreign scientific journ[illegible] results of some recent experime[illegible] a vocal chords which will prove interesting to singers. A baritone who wished to become a tenor succeeded by taking a course of inhalations, beginning with benzoin, going on to caffeine and chloroform, and ending with curacoa; while, on the other hand, the voice was deepened by using volatilised Norwegian tar.

FISH NETS.—Fish-nets are made from some very strange materials. The Eskimo manufacture them from strips of seal-hide and from thin slices of whalebone. By the Fijians they are constructed of human hair. Savages in various parts of the world plait the inner fibres of a tree-bark for fishing-lines, and the Indians on the Pacific coast of North America use for the same purpose seaweed—a sort of kelp—which is strong enough to hold a finny captive of one hundred and fifty pounds weight.

GLOVES IN INDIA.—In India it is only in the cold weather or in Presidency towns, where even the high hat may be sometimes seen, that gloves are tolerated in the daytime. For men to wear them in any other circumstances, except of course at a dance, would be a gross effeminacy. Even English ladies dispense with gloves during the hot weather, and accustom themselves to ride and drive without them. One reason for this unusual disregard of home fashions is the fact that leather gloves will not keep in the Indian climate. Ladies have to get their white dress gloves tinned in boxes like sardines, one pair at a time.

FLINTS.—Probably few people are aware that there still exists in England a manufactory of gun and tinder-box flints, yet such is the case. The same methods are employed in the mining and fashioning of flints as in the stone age, with little alteration. In order to break flint into pieces of convenient size, the worker places the mass on his knee, and, by a dexterous blow with a hammer, shivers it into fragments as easily as if it were chocolate. The pieces are then split into flakes, and these, in turn, are fractured into little squares which, with very slight trimming, become finished gun-flints. Most of the gun flints are exported to Zanzibar and other ports in communication with the interior of Africa; but, besides these, large quantities of flints for tinder-boxes are still made at Brandon. Tinder-box flints chiefly go to Spain and Italy for use in isolated districts.

THE ONE.

BY F. M. G.

The summer of our love is done,
  The shining summer, soft with flowers;
Past are our days of sky and sun,
  Of golden light and August showers.

We drift in winter. All the day
  Is palely silent; and the night
Forgets • • • forgets. And our dead May
  Lies buried in a shroud of white.

I love thee none the less, altho'
  The wintry gloom my true heart fills;
I bend my patient thoughts unto
  The spring, with all her daffodils.

IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LORD NORMAN set his back against the baise or inner of the two doors, and glared at Harry Richmond like a wild beast turned to bay and prepared to fight for his life. His face was livid, his eyes sparkling; of speech he was incapable.

Harry Richmond looked at him with grave surprise, mingled with a strange feeling that worried him. It flashed across his mind that he had seen this young nobleman before, but he he could not remember where. In a better light he would have noticed the resemblance between them, but the lamp was not turned up fully; and besides, Lord Norman was changed during these past months of luxurious living and dissipation. His face had grown coarser, and was, of course, clean shaven but for the moustache. Harry Richmond was the first to speak.

"You sent for Mr. Gerard, the sculptor, my lord," he said.

At the sound of the grave, musical voice, calm and self-possessed, instead of trembling with anger and indignation, Lord Norman started, and threw his head forward to stare still more fiercely. Could it be possible that [illegible] man was not the man he had left f[illegible] the hut at the out-station? Or [illegible] possible that her ha' 'would-be murderer?" "Lord" Norman covertly wiped the sweat from his brow.

"I—I did," he said in a low voice. "Are—are you he?"

Harry Richmond smiled slightly.

"No, my lord," he said, "I am only Mr. Gerard's workman——"

Lord Norman drew himself up and took a short step forward, keeping his face out of the lamp-light.

"Why did he send you—why didn't he come himself?" he asked, vainly trying to speak naturally, and still keeping a close watch upon the other.

Harry hesitated a moment, then he said candidly—

"It is late, and Mr. Gerard was tired. I hope that I may be able, at least, to convey your lordship's wishes to him."

"Humph!" said Lord Norman, drawing a long breath. It was wonderful! If this was Harry Richmond, he would have flown at his (Lord Norman's) throat long before this!

"I would have preferred to see Mr. Gerard himself," he said; "but no matter. I—I——" He paused, and still keeping in the shadow, went to the cellaret and poured out a glass of spirit and drank it.

"Will you have anything to drink?" he said.

Harry Richmond declined courteously.

This young nobleman's manner rather astonished him, just as his voice and face worried him with a vague recollection.

"No, thank you, my lord."

Lord Norman went back towards the door.

"All I wanted to tell Mr. Gerard was, that I wish him to devote the whole of his time to this bust of Lady Delamoor——" —he paused at the name and looked hard at Harry Richmond; but the handsome face, the steadfast eyes, showed no sign of recognition—"of Lady Sybil Delamoor, until it is finished. I am aware that such a request is somewhat unusual; but I make it all the same, and am prepared to pay Mr. Gerard his price for my monopoly of his attention."

"I will tell Mr. Gerard," said Harry Richmond. The voice rang in his ears, and aroused a strange repugnance. "I presume you wish the bust to be of heroic size, and in classic form, my lord?" he asked.

Lord Norman nodded. He could scarcely follow the sense of the words in the agitation of his dread amazement.

"Yes, yes," he said. "Lady Sybil Delamoor's face will lend itself to the classic style. I suppose Mr. Gerard will be prepared to commence at once? Lady Sybil will be ready to sit to him to-morrow morning."

"Yes, I think so," said Harry, but with a slight hesitation, for he knew that if Mr. Gerard happened to be disinclined for work, not all the noblemen or noblewomen in England would prevail upon him to touch clay or chisel. "I will tell him. What time in the morning, my lord?"

Lord Norman took out his watch with a trembling hand, and, in a moment of forgetfulness, bent his head to look at it. The lamp light fell upon his face. Harry Richmond saw it plainly for the first time. Something seemed to go straight to his brain—something like a hot shaft of flame, that lit up with a lurid glare the dark obscurity of the past—lit it up so suddenly and fiercely that the mental vision could not for the moment pierce it.

But the light had broken in upon the darkness; the mists were beginning to dispel, the veil to uplift.

"At noon," said Lord Norman. "If that hour will not suit Mr. Gerard, ask him to let me know."

Harry Richmond did not answer or speak, but stood on the other side of the table, one strong hand clutching its edge with the grip of a giant—a blind giant, struggling, praying for light!

"I think that is all," said Lord Norman. "You are staying at the inn, I suppose?"

He meant to follow this man—this image or ghost of the man he had left for dead—follow and watch him stealthily.

"At the inn," said Harry, in a thick voice.

"Ah, yes! I am sorry Mr. Gerard did not accept my invitation; but artists especially famous ones, are usually independent and—er—proud. By-the-way, I may want to see you again; but no doubt you will accompany Mr. Gerard to-morrow."

"Yes," said Harry Richmond.

The [illegible]s had grown deeper; there was a [illegible]s bass tone which sounded like [illegible] oth[illegible], but he knew it.

"Very good," he said, "I think that is all I have to say."

Still Harry Richmond did not move. The mists were rolling away rapidly, the light was coming—a light that almost blinded him and drove him mad.

Lord Norman moved towards the door, but with his hand almost touching the handle, he paused. His awful desire to hear this man's name overpowered him.

"What—what is your name may I ask?"

With a roar the magnificent figure sprang across the table, and the strong hands had gripped Harold Thane's throat.

He had no time to call out, to utter the faintest, shortest cry, but went down like a felled ox—went down as Harry Richmond had gone down under his blow at the hut. There he lay with white face upturned, his eyes starting, his lips chattering, and above him was the terrible face of his past victim.

"My name!" came the response, not loudly, but with powerful intensity. "My name! It is Harry Richmond! No! It is the one you have stolen, whelp! I am Lord Norman Lechmere! And you are Harold Thane!—thief, bushranger, imposter!"

At each word the steel-like grip tightened on Thane's throat.

Thane caught at the hands that were swiftly choking him, and tore at them frantically.

"Spare me, spare me! Don't—for goodness sake, don't kill me!" he gasped.

The livid eyes glared down at him.

"Why not?" came the fierce response. "Why not? You tried to kill me! You have killed me. I have been dead—dead—since the night you played the murderer. Kill you! Yes, I am going to kill you! What does a man do when he finds the viper that has bitten him in the dark? He sets his heel upon it and crushes it—crushes it! You viper! that bit the hand that fed you—aye, saved your vile neck from the hangman's rope? Why should I spare you?"

"For heaven's sake—for your own sake," screamed Harold Thane's gurgling in his throat, already growing black under the pressure of the vice-like fingers.

Norman Lechmere's—for we give him his proper name now—broad chest heaved, and the breath came short and fast. Heaven only knows how terrible was the temptation to take this man's life, to wreak a just vengeance upon this coward and thief who had stolen his name and place in the world—so terrible as to be for the moment almost overpowering.

But he mastered it. For at the instant—the critical stroke of time which stood between Harold Thane and eternity—there flashed upon Lord Norman the vision of Madge's face, there rang softly in his ears her beloved voice. No, for her sake he would stop short of murder. Murder! No, not murder, justice!

Slowly, reluctantly, his grasp relaxed; he rose and stood over the prostrate villain, and set his foot on his chest.

"Lie there!" he said hoarsely. "Move an inch and I will kill you yet."

A shudder ran through him as he looked at the white face so fearfully, so cruelly like his own. He could see the resemblance again now, for the light fell full upon it. A groan burst from him.

"Oh, God! that there should be such a villain! Are you a man or a devil? Did I save your life when you came to me like a starved hound? Did I save it again when those you had robbed and wronged were on your track, or is it all a dream? Dream! I have been living in a dream since then! You tried to kill me, but you did worse than take my life—you robbed me of myself, my memory."

The bloodshot eyes stared up at him from the white face.

"I—I——" gasped Thane. "I—swear I didn't mean it, plan it. It was done in a moment. You—you taunted me; you were hard on me; you treated me like a dog——"

"A dog!" burst from Lord Norman's lips. "And what were you? What are you? A dog! You wrong the sorriest cur that lives when you call yourself by its name. To rob and leave for dead the man who had succored you! Is there in all nature a beast so vile as you?"

He stooped with outstretched hand, as if to take back the mercy he had extended.

"Spare me, spare me! for God's sake! I will do anything you want. I will confess, I will restore——"

The deep voice burst in upon the agonized whine.

"Restore! Can you restore all these past months of death in life? Can you give me back the past? Restore!"

[illegible] wretch [illegible] seemed like a knell in his ears.

"I will do anything," he said hoarsely. "I will confess my guilt to-night—now! Only spare my life, and—and let me go. For heaven's sake take your foot away.

The dry voice grew faint, the distended eyes closed.

Lord Norman removed his foot slowly.

"Get up!" he said. "Go there—out of my reach!" He pointed to the couch.

Harold Thane rose painfully, and, with a groan, crawled to the sofa and dropped on it, his trembling fingers feeling his bruised throat. He shook so that the couch shook him, his teeth chattered, his livid face was wet with sweat.

Lord Norman paced up and down the room, his hands opening and shutting spasmodically. He had scarcely yet realised the truth, the mists which had obscured his memory had not quite cleared off; but gradually the past was coming back to him, like a series of dissolving views—vague at first, but gradually growing plainer and more distinct.

He remembered his visit to the Chase, and—and Madge! Madge and the Small Garden, and "Robinson Crusoe," and—all! The handkerchief, the lock of hair, for which he had exchanged the penknife. And the parting under the window. His dear child-love, Madge! Great heavens! and she and Madge Gordon, the woman in London whom he loved with all a strong man's over-mastering passion, were one and the same!

His heart throbbed, his eyes glowed. He almost forgot the miserable wretch—the thief, imposter—cringing and shaking on the sofa—forgot the wrong he had done him. That thought of Madge swallowed up all for the moment.

He went to the sideboard and poured out a glass of water; but as he raised it to his lips he remembered that Harold Thane had drank out of it, and he flung it into the fireplace.

It fell with a crash that startled Thane, and made him cower, for he thought that Lord Norman was going to attack him again.

Someone else heard the noise of the falling glass. Mr. Silas Fletcher had been taking a stroll along the garden path outside the smoking-room. He stopped and crept up to the window, but the shutters were shut. The quietude within the room following the crash made that astute gentleman curious. He left the window, and throwing away his cigar, tried the door leading close up into the room. It was unlocked, and very slowly and carefully he opened it about half an inch and looked in.

Cool and audacious as was Mr. Silas Fletcher, the sight of Harry Richmond, "Lord Norman's" double, nearly caused him to cry out. With trembling eagerness he crouched down, and holding the door ajar, listened with a heart that thumped against his sides so violently that he thought it must be heard and reveal his presence.

Lord Norman drank some water from a clean glass, then drew a long breath and faced the shrinking Thane.

"My uncle—where is he? Is he dead? No, or you would have stolen his title as you have stolen mine! Where is he? Have you imposed upon—deceived him?"

"The—the earl is ill; he has had a paralytic stroke," said Harold Thane, huskily. "Yes, he—he believes that I am——" He hung his head.

Lord Norman ground his teeth.

"And all the others?" he said, bitterly. "Have they all of them believed in you? Have they none of them eyes—sense enough to detect a villain masquerading as an honest man—a doubly veneered rogue passing himself off as a gentleman?"

Thane shook his head with a sickly smile of triumph.

"They've all believed in me," he said. "You—you see, we are so much alike!"

"Alike! cried Lord Norman, with fierce scorn. "Alike!" His hands clenched. "Yes," he admitted, with a frown, "we are! But was there none who could see beneath the surface? None?"

He was thinking of Madge; but he would have died rather than spoken her name in this vile wretch's presence; it would have been sacrilege.

Thane looked up.

"There was one—Madge." He winced, as Lord Norman strode towards him threateningly.

"Don't let her name pass from your lips if you still set any value on your life!" he cried.

"She—she suspected, I think; but she has gone; she—she left——"

"I know! I can see it in your face! [illegible] he muttered, hoarsely. "Listen to me. I can scarcely keep my hands off you. I shall do you an injury yet if you are under my eyes much longer. I ask you no questions. I can guess how you have worked this scheme. You—you stole my diary and—and other things," he cried, not trusting himself to mention the lock of hair and the handkerchief. They had always been sacred to him; they were as holy relics now. "Give them to me! Give them to me! Quick!" and he extended a threatening hand ominously.

Thane struggled off the couch.

"They—they are upstairs in my room," he said, with a wary look. "I will go and get them."

Lord Norman struck him with the back of the hand back on the sofa.

"You shall get them presently. I will go with you. Was there anything else you stole? You see, I don't remember," he went on with a terrible calmness, that made Thane shake. "When the men from the next station came to relieve me they found me unconscious in the hut you had intended for my burning tomb, but that coward's blow from behind—you cur!—had injured my brain. My memory was gone. I had forgotten my real name, forgotten everything." A groan of indignation and remembered agony burst from him against his will, and once again Thane trembled for his life. "So," with a long breath, "I do not know what else you took—all, I suppose?"

Thane hung his head, not with shame, but fear.

Lord Norman smiled grimly. "All I had there, and all I had here you have stolen since. You must give them back! Yes, everything! All but the black months of dead memory! That you cannot restore. Get up!"

Thane rose, supporting himself by the arm of the sofa, and thrust the wet hair from his forehead. Lord Norman listened.

"You have a party to-night," he said grimly. "All your friends—no, my friends!" he laughed fiercely. "Who are they? Quick!"

Thane huskily gave some names.

Lord Norman put his hand to his forehead.

"Yes, yes, I remember! They all come back to me! At last! at last! Who else? Is—is Lady Sybil Delamoor here?"

Thane inclined his head. He had heard

Lady Delamoor's carriage roll by as he stood talking to "Mr. Gerard's workman."

Lord Norman laughed grimly.

"And you have deceived her? Ah!" for he read the truth in Thane's shrinking eyes. "You—you devil! You have got her to promise to be your wife!"

He strode forward with extended hand, but let it drop; he could not touch the wretch, except to kick him.

"Open the door," he said sternly. "Take me to them, and tell them the truth. Go to them and say—'Here is the real Lord Norman. I am an imposter—a thief, with a price upon my head. This man, whom I robbed and tried to murder—this man, who fed me when I was starving, and helped me to escape my just deserts—this man is Lord Norman Lechmere.' Come, quick. For your own sake don't hesitate or delay, or I'll not answer for myself. Heaven only knows what it costs me to show you any mercy!"

Harold Thane staggered to the door and unlocked it. Then he turned his white face and bloodshot eyes upon the man who was once his victim, but was now his Nemesis.

"And afterwards?" he asked hoarsely. "You—you will have mercy on me? You won't give me up? You'll give me a chance?"

"Afterwards," said Lord Norman, "I mean to hand you over to the police."

Thane started, and his face grew livid.

"The police! With—with my Australian record against me?" he gasped. "You'd—you'd better strangle me as you were going to do just now! Richmond, for heaven's sake, pity me!"

And he flung himself at Lord Norman's feet, and clung to his knees.

Lord Norman struck his hands away.

"Your touch is pollution!" he said fiercely. "You ask too much! Well—but get up, or the grain of pity I have for you will die out. Get up and lead me to those people. Tell them the truth, all the truth, and I—I will give you twenty-four hours' grace. Not another word! It is the most you can wring from me; and in yielding that I am wronging the world by leaving such a villain free to pollute the air breathed by honest men. Get up!"

"Twenty-four hours!" murmured Thane, [illegible] asked hoarsely.

"All!" said Lord Norman. "They will be astonished, but they will find no difficulty in believing it. For all your fine feathers, Thane, you look a rogue and a vagabond!"

And he glanced at the white face and bloodshot eyes, the livid lips, and hair dark with sweat. The beautifully-cut evening clothes were torn, the spotless shirt-front crushed and wrinkled, the collar torn from the stud at one end, and the neat white cambric tie untied and twisted into a knot. Thane looked like drunken billiard-maker masquerading as a gentleman.

"Let me—let me put myself straight," he whined.

"No! Go! this moment!" And Lord Norman pointed to the door.

With an oath Thane passed out.

Lord Norman walked close by his side, but not touching him. They traversed the hall. Robins and a footman were passing at the moment carrying some tea on a salver, and Robins stopped for a moment and stared at his dishevelled master, with the tall, handsome man who so strongly resembled him, then with a frightened face hurried on. They reached the drawing-room door, and as Harold Thane paused to wipe the sweat from his face, Lord Norman looked round. Memory was coming back to him now in a full flood tide. The place seemed so familiar to him that he marveled that he could ever have forgotten it. The drawing-room door was open, and he saw a crowd of ladies and gentlemen—the shimmer of rich dresses and the glitter of jewels. Someone was at the piano—it was Lady Sybil—and the sound of the waltz she was playing joined with the murmur of voices and laughter. The blood came to his face, the light to his eyes. Yes, he remembered it all. There, in that magnificent room, was his right place. He was Lord Norman Lechmere, heir to the earldom of Cheney.

Instinctively his head, now very low, raised itself; his breath came quickly, and he was walking on, self-possessed, conscious of his right, when suddenly Thane flung himself upon him and shrieked wildly, "Help, help!"

CHAPTER XXX.

LORD NORMAN, off his guard, was taken at a disadvantage, for Thane's clutch at his throat was that of the strength that comes of recklessness and despair, and he staggered slightly. Then he seized Thane, and the two men swayed to and fro in a fierce struggle, Thane all the time shouting for help.

The piano ceased, the women shrieked and screamed; but so sudden and unexpected was the sight and sounds that met their eyes and ears that the crowd of guests stood and stared, transfixed for a moment with astonishment. Then a couple of gentlemen near the door flung themselves upon the struggling forms; others followed suit, and in another instant Lord Norman was torn from Thane, and thrown on the ground.

Amidst the screaming and shouting, the rushing to and fro of the servants, no voice could for a time be heard; but presently Lord Landon, a powerful man, raised his voice and called to Thane, who leant against the wall, breathing hard and wiping the blood and perspiration from his face.

"In God's name, Lechmere, what does it all mean?"

Thane pointed a shaking finger at his foe, now held prostrate by a dozen hands.

"Hold him! Keep him off me! Don't—don't let him rise? Save—save me!"

"We have him all right enough!" said Lord Landon with impatience and amazement. "But what does it mean? Who is he?"

The crowd closed round, gaping with astonishment and curiosity—first at Lord Norman and then at Thane.

"Great heaven, how much they are alike!" whispered someone, and the whisper ran round.

Thane struggled for breath.

"That—that scoundrel is a thief and a murderer!" he said hoarsely.

Everyone started and stared at Lord Norman, who by this time had struggled to his feet, but was held immovable by Lord Landon and three other gentlemen, who had twisted his arms behind his back and gripped them there.

"What?" exclaimed Lord Landon.

"He is a thief and a murderer! His name is Thane—Harold Thane!"

Lord Norman started, and his eyes flashed, but he uttered not a word.

"Thane—Harold Thane!" repeated [illegible] Australia. "We were together at an outstation. I—I saved his life when he was starving, and, I'm ashamed to say, helped him to escape from the police who were after him, and in return the hound robbed me of my savings and tried to murder me."

A shudder of horror ran through the crowd, and the men murmurred indignantly.

But one or two, Lord Landon amongst them, looked hard and curiously at their prisoner. It seemed to them that his face, and the quiet composure which he displayed, were scarcely those of a thief and desperado.

"The night he fled from the hut in which we were living," continued Thane, "he stole behind me, and struck me on the head with a spade. I have the mark now. Then he dug up our common stock of gold, and bolted with it, leaving me—the man who had saved his life—for dead and penniless. He is a viper who deserves to be hanged—and he shall be!"

Thane paused for breath, and with shaking hands tried to arrange his collar and shirt-front, but still kept his eye on the white, stern face of his adversary as if he feared that Lord Norman would break loose and reach him, notwithstanding the many hands that held him.

Lord Landon looked from one to the other.

"This a strange story," he said, gravely.

"Yes, such ingratitude is almost incredible," responded Thane. "It is inhuman. If you remember"—he looked round, and his glance fell upon Lady Sybil, who stood in the first circle of the crowd, looking from him to Lord Norman—"if you remember, Sybil—and you, Lord Landon, and Lord Ferndale—I tried to tell the story of the man's villainy the night of my return to the Chase."

"Yes," murmured Lady Sybil, "and you broke down, Norman. Oh, you remember, do you not?"

And she looked from one to the other.

Lord Landon nodded.

"I recollect it distinctly," he said.

"The fact is—I am almost ashamed to confess it," said Thane, as if reluctantly; "but I was attached to the scoundrel. I liked him. Perhaps it was because of the resemblance between us. Anyhow, I had forgiven him, and had tried to forget his perfidy."

A murmur of sympathetic admiration for such generosity ran through the circle of ladies, and glances of indignant reproach were cast at the prisoner.

Lord Norman said not a word, but stood immovable as a rock, with white, stern face, and eyes that seemed to pierce the fluent liar in front of him.

"How did he come here—what brought him here?" asked Lord Landon. "This is about the last place in which one would have expected to find him."

"Yes, indeed!" said Thane. "I found him in my smoking den. He had got into the house on the real or pretended excuse of being an assistant to the sculptor whom I had engaged to carve Lady Sybil's bust. I entered quietly, and found him trying the lock of a safe I keep in the room."

The ladies started, and instantly their hands went to their jewels.

"Oh, dear! I left my casket open on my dressing-table!" exclaimed one of them, in terrified accents, and she scuttled from the room.

"I pretended that I had not noticed him," Thane went on, "and that I did not recognize him, and after a time I persuaded him to come on to the drawing-room. The rest"—he shrugged his shoulders, "you know."

A long-drawn sigh went up from the hot, excited crowd. It was a delicious sensation. Something to talk about for the next twelve months! Lady Sybil glided to Thane and put her hand on his arm. "Are you hurt, Norman, dear?" she murmured sweetly.

"No, no," he said, putting his arm round her. "No, I am not hurt; but the struggle was sharp while it lasted, and that fellow is strong, confound him!"

Lord Landon turned to Lord Norman.

"What have you to say?" he asked.

The spectators held their breath as they waited for the answer. They expected a fluent explanation, the usual denial of the expert and hardened criminal.

Lord Norman looked his questioner full in the face—and the direct gaze of the splendid eyes made Lord Landon, somehow, feel uncomfortable.

"Well?" he said impatiently.

Lord Norman opened his lips, then closed them again, for as he looked round he saw that no denial would be believed. Every face bore "Guilty" written on it.

At the sound of the deep musical voice Lord Landon, and many others in that group, started.

"Lord Lechmere charges you with theft and attempted murder——"

"He is a notorious bushranger," broke in Thane. "There is a price on his head out in Australia. I am not the only one he has robbed, and I have no doubt that he has half-a-dozen murders to answer for."

"You hear?" said Lord Landon gravely. "What have you to say?"

"Nothing—at present," was the quiet reply, as the calm eyes met Lord Landon's unflinchingly.

"He knows it is of no use," said Thane. "For heaven's sake hand him over to the police!"

As he spoke he turned to the group of excited servants.

"Send for some constables—all of them," Lord Landon held up his hand.

"Order my carriage," he said quietly. "I will take him to the lock up. Do you intend to offer any resistance, my man?" he asked.

"No," said Lord Norman. "That man is a liar——"

"Oh, of course!" broke in Thane with a sneer. "He will swear that there is a mistake, and that he is not the man. They all do!"

Lord Norman looked at him steadily, then turned to Lord Landon.

"I will offer no resistance," he said. "The man you should watch and drive forth stands there!" and he nodded towards Thane.

"Fetch me a revolver if you have one, Lechmere," said Lord Landon—of course addressing Thane.

Thane beckoned to Robins.

"You will find one in my dressing-table drawer—quick!" he said.

Robins, trembling with excitement, started off and presently returned with the revolver, and handed it to Lord Landon.

"Let him go," he said.

"Be careful, for Heaven's sake!" he said. "The fellow is desperate and dangerous; he sticks at nothing."

Landon regarded Thane with something like contempt.

"I am not afraid," he said. Then he added to Lord Norman, "If you attempt to escape of course I shall shoot you."

"I shall not attempt to escape," said Lord Norman.

"Then let him go," said Lord Landon to the other gentlemen who held Norman's arms. They released him, reluctantly enough, and their prisoner stretched himself and breathed a deep sigh; but to the relief of the ladies he did not spring at them like an escaped lion from a menagerie.

Lord Landon signed to him to walk on ahead, and Lord Norman obeyed. The crowd of ladies and gentlemen followed them into the hall. All were talking now, and a Babel of confusion reigned supreme.

Lord Norman looked round the hall—he remembered every picture, every man-in-armor, every flag; and that he should be able so to remember filled him, even in that moment, with a deep sense of joy.

"The carriage, my lord!" said a footman.

"Walk on," said Lord Landon, with the revolver in his hand.

As the prisoner stepped forward towards the door the tall, bent figure of an old man, clad in a long dressing-gown, was seen at the head of the head of the broad stairs.

A murmur rose, "The earl, the earl!"

Lord Norman heard it, and stopping, looked up. The earl looked down at the crowded scene, then saw Lord Norman's upturned face. He started, threw up his arms, and called out. Every eye turned to the gaunt figure, the wan, haggard face. He waved his thin hands above his head, gesticulating wildly, recklessly, and opening his lips, poured out a string of incoherent sentences, his eyes flashing in their dark hollows like balls of fire.

Lord Norman looked at him, and their eyes met, a strange wistful expression burning in the old man's.

"My uncle," murmured Lord Norman; but probably no one in the excited, restless crowd caught the words.

Thane looked from one to the other.

"Take him away!" he said hoarsely. "Take him away at once!"

Lord Landon put his hand on Norman Lechmere's shoulder and gently forced him through the hall and into the carriage, and followed him. But as it drove away Lord Norman could still see the giant figure on the top [illegible] stairs waving its hands and gesticulating with piteous helplessness.

"[illegible] attempt to escape?" said Lord Landon.

"You have," said Lord Norman. Then he smiled. "My lord, I am a young man and a strong one. I could grip you before you could raise that revolver."

"I know it," said Lord Landon coolly. "I also know when a man—though he may be a scoundrel—is telling the truth."

He uncocked the revolver and laid it down beside him.

"Thank you!" said Lord Norman, and he leant back and folded his arms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW TO REMOVE FRECKLES.—All facial blemishes can be removed nowadays by the aid of science. "Many people come to me to have freckles removed," said a physician. "The majority of them are women and girls. In fact, I don't recall more than two or three cases in my practice where a male patient came to have freckles removed, and all such cases occurred several years ago. One such case I remember distinctly, for it amused me a good deal at the time. The man was thirty years old, strong, healthy in every way, and lived somewhere in the North. He was covered, face and neck, with freckles as big as a sixpence: but otherwise a very nice-looking fellow.

"He came in one morning and asked me if I could do anything for him, and then blushingly confided to me that a girl had promised to marry him if he could get rid of his freckles. He said she was very pretty and was afraid of catching them from him if she became his wife. It took me a good while to remove them, but I succeeded at last, and he soon after invited me to his wedding. Most of my freckled patients have come to me in the autumn, and want to get rid of the spots that have been caused by exposure to the sun and wind at seashore resorts during the summer.

"Such cases are comparatively easy to manage. I generally prescribe a careful application of the ointment of the oleate of copper on going to bed, and the ointment should be made by dissolving the oleate of copper in enough oleo-palmite to make a mass. I would not advise any one to use it, however, unless a physician was first consulted on the subject."

MISS QUICK: "What are a woman's declining years?" Miss Tearsey: "I don't know just what you mean, but if you mean what I am thinking about my declining years were when I was along about 18."

LET US DREAM.

BY W. W. L.

Come, let us dream now in the shadows,
That leafy June again is here,
With all its royal bloom of sweetness,
Arcadia time of all the year.

Let memory go back to mead and heather,
To violet blue and maiden-hair;
To purple pansies and pink aster,
And honeysuckle scented air.

Come, let us dream—do you remember
The time of all our walks and ways?—
Love touched the bloom of all that summer,
Let love fill all the after days.

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XL—(CONTINUED.)

SHE flushed and looked alarmed at his white, haggard face.

"I sent it directly," she murmured. "Johnny, didn't you take the telegram to Highfield?" she asked of a lad who came in at the moment.

"Naw," he said stolidly. "I met the gentleman in the village, just outside the inn, and he looked at it and said it was for him; an' he took it, or did."

Dane breathed hard. Martin pressed his arm warningly.

"Just repeat the telegram," he said. "Lord Dane has not seen it yet; there has been some mistake."

The girl wrote out the telegram, and Dane almost snatched it from her, and drew Martin outside.

"It is from her," he said. "Look!"

Martin took out his watch.

"There is no train for two hours," he said. "You know the place where she has gone?"

"Know it? Yes, yes!" said Dane. "I ought to have known she would go there. Thank God! But t[illegible]in; he has got the start of me! [illegible] frighten her into accompanying [illegible] will carry her off." Martin shook his head.

"I think not," he said quietly. "He is a clever scoundrel, and up to every dodge—this interception of the telegram was a cunning stroke; but Lyra is not the woman to be driven into going with him; for, see, she sends for you. You must wire back at once."

Dane wrote the answering message, his hand steady now.

"Am coming. Fear nothing.—DANE."

"Can't I set the police on that scoundrel's track?" Dane asked Martin.

But Martin Fanshawe shook his head.

"Not yet," he said. "Let us wait until we get to Lyra, and hear the whole truth. We must be patient and wary. Remember that we have to do with a villain who is astute and full of cunning. Where is St. Aubyn? He might help us."

"God knows!" said Dane. "Chandos said that he had seen him go by the train, and hinted that he had gone with her."

"Ah! only had he done so; but I am afraid that supposition is only too good to be true," said Martin Fanshawe. "But no matter. If St. Aubyn should come back we could employ him in tracking Chandos. We must keep the police out of this as long as possible—for good, if we can."

Dane looked at him in an agony.

"Yes, yes! Why—why didn't she tell me? Why didn't she confide in me? My God! Martin, I cannot, I dare not doubt her, or I should go mad! But if she was in ignorance that her marriage was a mock one she must have thought she was committing bigamy; and—and if she knew it was false why didn't she tell me?"

"I can't answer," said Martin gravely; "but," he added firmly, "I will answer for Lyra's truth and honor."

Thus they talked—Dane one moment half mad with doubt, the next casting the doubt from him fiercely, until the train started.

At the station Martin inquired of the station-master if a man answering to Chandos' description had traveled by the early train.

"Oh, yes, sir, went off by the 8.35," was the reply.

Now for a wonder Martin and Dane had done the Hon. Mr. Chandos an injustice. His interception of the telegram had been quite innocent. He thought it was intended for him.

That Lyra should send to him to come to her surprised and startled him; but it never occurred to him that the telegram was intended for Dane.

"Why should she wire to him, Chandos?" he asked himself. And why had she gone to the Mill Cottage? Had she and St. Aubyn quarreled already, or had she already been smitten by remorse and fled from him, as she fled from Dane?

He though that the latter supposition was the more likely of the two. Yes, that was it. She had suddenly realized what she was doing, and had sent St. Aubyn about his business and taken refuge in her old home.

But why had she sent for him? Now Mr. Chandos was as vain as a peacock, and he actually permitted himself to labor under the delusion that Lyra wanted him.

"After all, she thinks I'm her husband," he said to himself. "And having no one else to whom she can turn, she naturally seeks my protection."

But should he go? As he asked himself the question he remembered the last hour he had spent in the cottage, and Griffith's fury, and shudderingly decided that he certainly would not go; but after some consideration, he changed his mind. After all, it was extremely improbable that the man should be still in the cottage—next door to impossible, in fact. He would chance it and go. He must persuade Lyra to leave England and hide herself. Perhaps he could induce her to go with him? The thought brought an evil smile to his face, which rose again and again during the course of the long journey.

He had always hated Dane; what a delicious stroke of malice it would be if he could persuade Lyra to run away with him—Chandos.

By the foregoing, it will be seen that Mr. Chandos' drinking habits had somewhat dulled the acuteness of his brain. If he had not been sodden by drink and morbid vanity he would not have misread her so completely, or have smiled and chuckled so complacently, as he lay at full length in the railway carriage and smoked his delicately scented cigarette.

CHAPTER XLI.

LYRA was worn out, and suffered Mary to undress her and put her to bed without a protest. [illegible] spirit. If she could only fall asleep never to wake again, she thought with a sigh, as she closed her burning eyes.

Griffith asked no questions of either St. Aubyn or Mary, but after the bedroom door had closed upon Lyra he had gone down to the garden and resumed his work in grave and dogged silence. That some great trouble had befallen her he guessed, but he was almost indifferent as to its nature. It was enough for him that "his little girl" had come back to him; and as he worked he told himself that she should never be withdrawn from him ever again.

St. Aubyn, afraid to utter a word, lest it might compromise Lyra, maintained a profound silence respecting her. It was evident that Griffith regarded him as a friend, for when St. Aubyn addressed a few words to him on ordinary topics, Griffith answered him civilly.

"I suppose I can't get a room nearer than Yarnstaple?" he asked. "I should like to *remain*——" He was going to say, "near to Lady Armitage," but checked himself—"for a day or two."

"No," said Griffith. "You can get a room there."

St. Aubyn said no more to him, but waited till Mary came down.

"How is Lady Armitage?" he asked. "Shall I get a doctor? Is there anything I can do?"

"No, sir," said Mary, after a moment's thought. "I don't think she's ill—not ill in a way that the doctor could do any good. She's in trouble, I can see, but a doctor couldn't mend that, could her, sir? She's asleep now, bless her!"

St. Aubyn shook his head.

"I trust that her trouble will soon be over," he said. He dared not say that he had wired for her husband, lest Dane should not come. He was so completely in the dark that he felt afraid to move in any direction.

"Please tell Lady Armitage that I am going to remain here—near her until—well, for the present," he said, "and that I will see her whenever she wishes to see me."

Then he went off to Yarnstaple, and looked up the time-table, and found that if Dane caught either of the two morning trains he would reach the cottage that night. With a sigh of relief he went into the town, engaged a room at the hotel, and set himself to the hard task of waiting.

The day passed. Towards evening Lyra awoke. For the first few moments she thought that she was still in her own room at Highfield; then, as she saw Mary, she remembered, and with a sigh closed her eyes again. She felt incapable of thought, much less of action, and she lay quite still and almost apathetic for some time.

But after awhile the bitterness of her trouble broke over her like a cold wave, and she found it impossible to lie still any longer.

"I must get up," she said to Mary. "If—if I lie here thinking, thinking, I shall go mad."

At first Mary tried to dissuade her, but when she saw that all her warnings and arguments only distressed and hardened Lyra, she wisely desisted and helped her to dress.

"It's a lovely night, my lady," she said, drawing aside the curtains.

The rain has ceased, and the moon, yellow as gold, shone through a faint warm mist. The tide was coming in slowly, and rippled in silver bars on the sands. As Lyra looked out, it seemed to her as if she had never left the cottage, as if her life since the day her father died were but a dream.

She turned from the window and sighed. If she could only remain here for the rest of her life! Would they let her? Surely they would let her rest in peace!

When she went downstairs the familiar parlor smote her with a sense of pain so acute that she could not endure to sit in the room. The scene between her and Geoffrey Earle seemed re-enacting itself before her eyes.

"I will go into the garden, Mary," she said, and she went out and sat in the little arbor, her head leaning against the woodwork, her eyes closed. All was still, save for the lowing of the cows, which Griffith was littering for the night in the rough stable he had built behind the cottage, and the soft shriek of the gulls as they hovered over the incoming tide.

Every now and again Mary came to the door—as she used to do in the old time—but Lyra seemed to be resting so peacefully that Mary judged it best not to disturb her. She [illegible] to the house [illegible] thinking of Dane—of Dane whose heart she had broken, of Dane whom she should never see again.

Suddenly she heard a sound like that of stealthy footsteps, and thinking it was Griffith, she raised her head and opened her eyes. What should she tell him when he asked her why she had left her husband and come back to the cottage.

The footsteps came nearer, and she heard her name spoken. With a faint cry, she attempted to rise, but Chandos pushed himself through a gap in the hedge behind her and laid his hand on her arm.

"Hush!" he whispered warningly. "Don't make a noise, don't make a sound! I've come, Lyra!"

She eyed him with wild horror, and stood for a moment, her hand pressed to her bosom; then the color crept into her face and an expression of contempt and defiance into her eyes.

"You!" she said. "Yes; I might have known that you would break your word; I might have known that I could not trust a liar and a coward!"

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "You sent for me?"

Her eyes flashed scorn on him.

"I—send for you!"

"Yes," he said doggedly. "You telegraphed"—he hunted for the telegram, but could not find it—"you sent for me this morning. I left the telegram at the inn, I suppose."

"It is a lie!" she said. "Your promised—but I might have known. Why have you come? Is it because you thought I should be alone and helpless?"

Nonsense!" he said with a snarl. "You know you sent for me. What is the use of this play-acting. You don't do it at all well, Lyra. Do you think I've come all this way for the pleasure of wrangling with you? Where is St. Aubyn?" he asked, watching her keenly.

She made no reply. She was weak and ill, and the fictitious strength lent her by her indignation at his presence was fast waning.

"Where is he?" he repeated. "I suppose you've quarreled or thought better of it, and parted from him, eh? Well, perhaps you were right. After all, I'm your proper and loyal protector. You can't go back to Dane; that's out of the question. You can't stay here. Why, this is one of the first places he would think of trying! You might have thought of that. If you still want to avoid a scandal, and I suppose you do, you must leave here at once—at once, do you understand?"

She kept her eyes fixed on him, and clutched the arm of the seat; but she said nothing—did not call for help. His presence filled her with loathing, but not with fear.

He let her wait, and eyed her sideways, watching the effect of his words.

"But of course you've thought all this out, or you wouldn't have sent for me. And after all it's the proper thing. I daresay you prefer St. Aubyn," he sneered, as the hot blood rushed into her face. "There's no accounting for taste; but you were quite right to throw him over. After all, I'm your husband."

Her lips parted, and her breath came in quick, sharp pants.

"The best thing you can do is to come with me. We will go abroad and keep quiet until the fuss has blown over. It can't last long. Society is accustomed to this kind of thing." The ugly sneer curved his thin lips again. "For his own sake—if not for yours—Dane will hush up the affair. He won't care to move. Yes, you've taken the proper course."

He pulled out his watch.

"There's a London train leaves Yarnstaple at 11.25. I'll wait for you at the station, and have the tickets ready."

She rose slowly, with the dignity of an outraged woman eloquent in her eyes, her attitude.

"Go!" she said, raising her hand and pointing to the gate. "Utter another word and——"

She had raised her voice unconsciously. Chandos started most apprehensively; then sprang forward and seized her arm.

"No threatening!" he snarled. "You do as I tell you, or it will be bad for you! You are in my power. I've got you, body and soul!"

She shook him off with a cry of mingled loathing and dread.

As if in answer to her cry a rough voice shouted her name. Mr. Chandos started with an oath and rushed towards the gate. He had recognized Griffith's voice. As he reached the gate Griffith came down the path from the cottage. At the sight of [illegible] uttered a cry like that of a [illegible] at the moment [illegible] and fled along the rough road. Griffith's voice had filled him with terror, and for a moment almost deprived him of his senses.

He looked around wildly, and his eyes caught sight of the boat dancing on the edge of the river. He made for it with the speed of despair, gained it, and leaping in, pushed it off into the tide.

He had scarcely done so than Griffith reached the spot where the boat had been.

More like a wild animal than a man he stood on the brink, his gnarled face distorted with rage, his uplifted hands clenching and unclenching. Chandos sat down, seized the oars, and began to pull furiously. The tide helped him, and in a few minutes he was well out in the river, and, as he thought, out of reach of his pursuer. If he could only gain the opposite shore he was safe. There was something so grotesque in the madly gesticulating figure of Griffith, helpless and powerless on the edge of the river, that Mr. Chandos could not, even in the midst of his fears, help smiling. His smile grew to a laugh, which reached Griffith.

But before the laugh had died away the laugher was suddenly jerked forward, the oars were forced from his hands, and the boat was stopped.

He had stranded on the very same bank which had caught Lyra the day Dane had swam out to her.

Mr. Chandos scrambled to his feet, and seizing one of the oars, attempted to push the boat off; but the harder he pushed, the more frantic his efforts, the harder it seemed to stick. Sometimes he succeeded in getting the bow clear, but then the boat floated round and the stern stuck.

Griffith watched him for a moment, still gesticulating and waving his arms; then he tore off his coat and boots, and, running to a point below the sandbank, plunged into the stream.

Chandos saw this movement, and became still more frantic in his endeavor to float the boat; but the tide and his misguided efforts had lodged it still more firmly in the sand. Pushing and struggling with the oar, he watched his pursuer swimming rapidly—for the tide was helping Griffith at every inch—towards him. White to the lips, Mr. Chandos gnashed his teeth, and raising the oar above his head, waited.

Griffith soon reached the bank. The

moon shone on his gnarled face, his fierce, bloodshot eyes.

"Keep off!" shouted Chandos threateningly; "keep off, or I'll brain you!"

A hoarse laugh answered him as Griffith swam within a couple of feet of the boat.

Chandos struck wildly and savagely at the distorted face, but, with a dexterous dive, Griffith evaded the blow, and before Chandos could raise the oar, was on his feet and into the boat.

Chandos stumbled into the bow and raised the oar to strike at him, but with a gutteral cry Griffith seized it, and flung it in the bottom of the boat, and sprang like a tiger at Chandos' throat.

Chandos went down like a ninepin, and Griffith, with one knee pressing upon the prostrate man's chest, dashed the water from his own hair and face and glared down upon him.

"Let me go!" gasped Chandos; "let me go! Do you mean to murder me? Let me go, and I'll—I'll pay you well!"

Griffith raised him a little and dashed his head down upon the thwart.

"You'll—you'll pay me!" he grunted.

Then, still holding him in a grip like a vice, he looked round as if uncertain what to do with him.

After a moment—a moment in which Mr. Chandos lived, say, a thousand years—Griffith lifted him bodily, and flung him over the boat's edge on to the sand bank.

Then, without a word, he pushed the boat off, seated himself, rested on his oars, and smiled—an awful smile—at his prey.

Chandos lay panting for a while; then, when he had recovered his breath, he sat up and looked round affrightedly. It occurred to him that his adversary had left him off very lightly, and he began to congratulate himself.

He looked at Griffith, silently regarding him with that peculiar smile; and something in the fixed and glaring eyes and the smile itself struck a chill into Chandos' heart, and made him shudder, though why he knew not.

Then he felt something cold touch his feet, and, looking down—understood. It was the water creeping rapidly round him.

[illegible] extended his clasp, [illegible] mocking eyes and that slow, vindictive smile.

"Save me!" he shrieked. "Save me! Take me off!"

Griffith moved the boat a few yards farther away, and went on smiling.

"Take me off, Griffith!" yelled Chandos, hopping about as if he were trying to keep from the insidiously approaching water. "Save me! You will not let me drown! It's murder, murder! Do you hear?"

Not for an instant did the fierce eyes remove themselves or the smile relax.

Chandos raised his voice and shouted, but the seagulls were calling and shrieking all over the river, and, as if they were not enough to drown his victim's voice, Griffith began to shout and yell a Devonshire chorus loud and hoarse enough to drown the wildest shriek.

Chandos looked from side to side. Not a soul was on the river but themselves. The mist, semi-opaque in the moonlight, hid the banks on either side from view.

He was alone, and helplessly at the mercy of Griffith. The man would leave him there till the tide rose above the river bank and drowned him. It is needless to say Chandos could not swim. He should die in the prime, in the full enjoyment of life—die like a dog, within sound, almost within sight of human aid! The cold sweat broke out upon his face, his lips grew hot and tremulous, his eyes burnt in their sockets, and he fell to trembling as with ague.

He would have flung himself down upon the sand, but the water had already covered it, and was creeping about his ankles.

"Griffith!" he cried, hoarsely, "take me off! Save me, and—and I'll give you a hundred pounds. Think! There—th—in—k—— Oh!" he shrieked, as he felt the cold water on his legs above his boots. "Think what you could do with a hundred pounds! You'd—you'd be a rich man!"

Griffith put the boat a few yards nearer, and laughed at him.

Chandos took to whining.

"Griffith, I—I always liked you! I—always admired you. You're so—so firm and determined. Ah—yah!——" He danced and hopped grotesquely in his agony, for the tide had reached his knees. "You're—you're not the sort of a man to leave a fellow creature to his de—death!" His teeth chattered—his eyes bulged out. "You're too brave for that!"

Griffith put the boat still nearer, and Chandos, with a gurgling cry, began to move quickly to it, but, as he did so, Griffith rowed out of his reach and smiled.

A cry of despair and rage rose from Chandos' cracking lips.

"You—you devil!" he shrieked. "You want to murder me! What—what harm did I ever do to you? Help, help!" His voice was hoarser than the gulls' now, and carried no distance. "If it's Lyra you're thinking of, you're only ruining her by killing me. Do you hear?"

Griffith put the boat within hearing distance.

"Say that again!" he growled.

"I do—I do say it! On my oath! She will never know the truth of the business if—if you leave me to die here like a rat!"

Griffith growled.

"The truth!" he snarled. "You couldn't tell it if you tried. Why shouldn't you die, you rat! She hates you, so do I. Drown!"

Chandos flung his arms about his head, and howled like a wolf. His face grew white and contorted, with the great drops of sweat on it, with the distended eyes, was a hideous sight under the calm and placid moonlight; but it seemed only to amuse Griffith.

Chandos looked round with a shudder; the water was nearly breast high, and he had a difficulty in keeping his feet firm on the sand.

"I'll tell you the truth!" he cried; "as I'm a dying man——"

Griffith chuckled.

"I'll—I'll tell you the truth. You'll take me off then? You'll save me if I swear"—he swore an awful oath—"that it's the truth, the whole truth?"

As he half yelled, half whined the appeal, Griffith's quick ears caught a sound on the water above him. He put the boat nearer, but out of reach of Chandos' hands.

"Be quick, then!" he snarled. "Tell me a lie, or what I know to be a lie, and I'll knock you into the water! Go on!"

* * * * * *

St. Aubyn literally hung about all day. He could neither eat nor rest. He wished that he had wired to Dane to send an answer; wondered whether he had, indeed, sent an answer to the [illegible] and the time approached when he could, with a fair show of reason, go down to the station to Dane.

The train drew up, and Dane and Martin sprang out, and St. Aubyn sprang upon them. Dane's white, haggard face struck him speechless for a moment, and in that moment he remembered his own agony when he discovered how his wife had left him.

Dane caught him by the arm, and fixed him with fiercely interrogating eyes.

"Where is she?" he demanded.

St. Aubyn drew him aside.

"She is all right—she is all right. Be calm, Dane; I tell you she is all right."

Dane leant against the station wall and wiped his face.

"You—you have been with her?"

"All the time, nearly," said St. Aubyn, his own voice trembling; "I and an old servant of hers, Mary, traveled with her a greater part of the way. She is with her, and at the cottage!"

Dane drew a long breath of relief.

"Thank God!" he murmured; but his voice fell again. His darling was well and sound; but the hideous fact that she deceived him, married him while she believed herself the wife of another man, still remained.

"You will come to her at once," said St. Aubyn. "I've got a carriage——"

But Dane hesitated.

Martin touched his arm.

"You must come," he said in a low voice.

Dane looked from one the other.

"She will not see me!" he muttered, with an air of conviction. "We can never—his voice choked—"live together again!"

St. Aubyn stared at him.

"What hideous mystery is this?" he exclaimed.

Dane turned his head aside.

"Tell him!" he said to Martin, and walked away.

Martin, in as few words as possible, gave the gist of Rawdon's dying confession, and St. Aubyn listened with silent horror until Martin had finished, then he turned upon him.

"That's not all!" he exclaimed. "There is something more to be told! What! Do you mean to tell me that he"—he glanced at Dane—"who loves her and knows, can believe her guilty? There is some devilish jugglery still to be discovered. Go to her? Of course he must go to her!"

He hailed the carriage, and seized Dane's arm.

"Get in," he said firmly.

Dane, almost prostrated by grief and doubt and despair, obeyed like a child or sick man, and the carriage drove off. He sank back in his corner speechless, and the two other men talked in hushed whispers as if in the presence of death. As they drove along the water's edge, St. Aubyn told Martin of his meeting with Lyra and her finding safe refuge at the cottage, and in a whisper that could not reach Dane they sat working away at the puzzle, when suddenly a shrill, unearthly sound came in a weird and ghostly fashion through the moonlit mist.

"What was that?" asked St. Aubyn.

Martin shook his head and turned to Dane. He raised his head and listened listlessly. The cry, mingled with the shriek of the gulls, was repeated.

"Is it the sea birds?" Martin said.

Dane shook his head apathetically.

"It is someone in distress—out there in the river," he said with perfect indifference.

A wild howl rose, as if in confirmation of his assertion. Martin sprang to his feet, and stopped the flyman, who was driving along half-asleep and deaf to everything, and he leaped out.

St. Aubyn followed him, and Dane, after a moment's hesitation, joined them. The two men tried to pierce through the mist, but it was like a thin muslin veil, and they could discern nothing; but their strained ears again caught Chandos' yell.

"Someone is in mortal peril—drowning perhaps," said Martin gravely. "What is to be done? Is there no boat?"

He ran along the bank, followed by St. Aubyn, and, as luck would have it, they saw a boat creeping along the shore. An old man was rowing it slowly and heavily; but he did not turn his head in response to their shouts, and St. Aubyn waded into the water and seized the nose of the boat.

The old man turned round with intense astonishment, but shook his head and pointed to his ears when St. Aubyn shouted and asked him if he didn't hear anything.

"He is deaf," said Martin. "Get in quick. You can row?"

"Yes," said Aubyn. "But Dane is a far [illegible]

"I don't hear any cry now," said Martin gravely. "I'm afraid——"

Then it rose again.

"Row hard, Dane! It is in the middle of the river. Some poor fellow is in trouble!" said Martin.

Dane pulled quickly, but with no great enthusiasm; but suddenly he stopped and looked in the direction of the sandbank with a strange expression. His quick, sportsman's ears had recognized Chandos' voice.

Without a word, but with a flash of the eyes, he tore off his coat and bent to his work as if he were rowing for the 'Varsity race.

In a few minutes they approached near enough to hear the voice, the very words, of the distracted wretch.

St. Aubyn sprang up.

"Why—why that is Chandos Armitage's voice!" he cried.

Dane gave two strokes, then kept the boat still.

"Hush!" he said hoarsely.

"Row, row!" implored Martin and St. Aubyn in a breath.

He glared at them fiercely, threateningly, and grasping the oars with one hand, held up the other warningly.

"It's the truth! I swear it! I swear it!" he was crying hoarsely. "She thought it was a real marriage. We parted like strangers shortly afterwards. She was only a wife in name, I swear it! Mary will tell you—you know yourself—I left her that same afternoon. I never saw her again till she was married to Dane; it was only a bit of play-acting. She is not my wife; I admit it, I swear it! She was never my wife; I'll swear it before a magistrate. I confess it all, all. Do you hear? Take me off, save me! Oh, God! I'm drowning!"

Conflicting emotions exposed themselves like cloud shadows on Dane's face. His eyes flashed and glistened in the moonlight.

"You—you heard?" he gasped, in a low, dry voice.

"Yes, yes!" cried Martin. "Row, man! Give me the oars; he's drowning!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KEEP UP THAT RASPING COUGH at the peril of breaking down your Lungs and Throat, rather let the afflicted immediately resort to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, which cures all Coughs and Colds, and ameliorates all Lung Complaints and Throat-ills.

Scientific and Useful.

SHOES.—By brushing shoes with a soft brush, rubbing a little glycerine well into the leather and polishing with a very clean, soft brush, no blacking will be required.

AT SEA.—A sea telephone has been perfected, by means of which ships at sea can communicate with each other, and also with the shore. A vessel proceeding to New York can report its approach twenty hours in advance.

MUSIC.—A patent for a machine for typewriting music has been secured. The letters strike the front of the impression cylinder, so that each word is in view as written, and when the end of a line is reached the cylinder springs back automatically.

CLAPPING THE HANDS.—"Electricity" says there is nothing theoretically improbable in the statement that an Ohio convict has invented a battery which converts sound into electric power by a device which "makes it possible to operate an ordinary call bell by simply clapping the hands in front of the battery.

ON WATER.—Aluminium launches are to be tried in the French navy on a large scale. An order for 42,000 kilogrammes of the metal has been given to the Aluminium Company at Neuhausen, Switzerland, which is at present the largest manufacturer of the metal in the world, though the Pittsburg company is rapidly catching up with it.

MACHINERY.—The problem of silent machine running is claimed to have been partially solved by an Austrian firm, which has brought on the Vienna market toothed wheels made of pressed raw hides, which are to work in conjunction with wheels of cast iron, steel and other metals. The new wheels do not require lubrication, and are, therefore, very clean in operation; and it is stated they substantially reduce the vibration of the machinery in which they are used. They are said to possess sufficient strength.

Farm a[illegible]rden.

FEEDING AND MILKING.—The feeding and milking of the butter cow operates just as the training and racing of the horse. It tends to fix the performing habit—and heredity tends powerfully to transmit all fixed habits.

HIS OWN PRODUCTS.—Every farmer is, or ought to be, interested in protecting his own products, and every pound of butter properly made and sold at a fair valuation is a paying factor in the interest of every other butter maker.

POULTRY.—The most successful poultry breeders separate pullets and cockerels as soon as they are half grown. They develop better, and in all respects do better. A few quarrelsome cockerels disturb the peace of a whole yard of fowls.

PROFITS.—Farmers who figure on their profits should endeavor to estimate the expense incurred in loss of fertility sold in the produce. This fertility must be returned to the soil or the succeeding crops will be lessened correspondingly.

OVERPRODUCTION.—There is less danger of overproduction where there is a diversity of crops, but the best thing to do when one finds a single crop is not giving him a profit is to study the means by which he may get a better yield; this means decreased cost, and of course a better margin.

FOR COMMON PURPOSES.—It has taken farmers a long time to learn that there is no money in producing the general-purpose horse, or all-purpose cow, and many of them won't get out of the rut of all-purpose farming. Success along any line of farming calls for the production of the very best in that line, and nothing short of the very best thought, the closest application and intelligent labor can win success or deserve it.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 725 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 16, 1895.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postoffice money order, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Of Prejudice.

Prejudices, though incapable of logical defence, may have a good as well as a bad tendency. In a perfectly-ordered state of society and in an ideal state of human wisdom prejudice would of course be unknown. We should never judge without evidence, and reason would guide our likes and dislikes into perfectly right and proper channels. But, in a world where, we are bound to admit, human frailty is aggressively apparent, we often have to give reason the go-by and yield ourselves up to impulse—shall we say to instinct? Still these unreasoning impulses—call them even by the ugly name of bigotry—are not without their purpose. It is these strong virile impulses which at least help to move the world along, and, if they are only generous and warm-hearted, they, on the whole, move it in the right direction.

"Prejudice," [illegible] rke, "renders [illegible] of unconnected acts. Through just prejudices his duty becomes a part of his nature." The worship of the Goddess of Reason, on the other hand, has, with many, a habit of producing stagnation. So fearful are the pure rationalists of taking a step that Reason, their goddess, should not approve that they terrify her by the weight of responsibility thrown upon her, and paralysis sets in; and, reason being impotent and impulse being denied, they have no alternative but to continue to mark time on their own ground until some one comes along strong-minded enough to give the word to march.

In the matter of popular prejudices we are perhaps more open-minded than our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were. The spread of science has made us less ready to say that anything is impossible, and we are more willing to listen to reason before giving judgment. The strenuous opposition that was given to the introduction of railways because men refused to believe that they could live while passing through the air so rapidly, to the laying of gas-mains because it was urged that the feet of those who passed over them would be burned, to all scientific progress because it took one into the domain of the unusual, hardly finds its counterpart to-day. So accustomed are we to the wonders of modern discoveries that we are inclined to give a patient hearing to almost any scheme that is propounded.

The conveyance of sight as well as sound by electricity is far from an accomplished fact, but we are not disposed to accept such a suggestion with derision. We have, in fact, a tendency to be prejudiced in the opposite direction, and to lean to credulity in matters of science as strongly as our forefathers inclined to incredulity.

The theories to which Darwin succeeded in putting the corner-stone were not very long ago treated with contempt, if not with pious horror. People refused to listen to them, not because they failed to bear the light of reason, but because they were contrary to the tradition handed down from unscientific ages. But, partly through the triumph of Darwin's influence, to-day any ingenious theory will receive respectful consideration by the majority of mankind, even if it will not receive the newer form of prejudice, blind acceptance.

It is only reasonable that the spread of education, the enlargement of the power of thinking, should result in more open-mindedness, just as the extension of knowledge through travel predisposes one to take a more generous view even of those things which have not yet come under one's personal observation. The unsophisticated American who goes to Germany in the expectation of seeing a bewildering picture of beer-swilling, long pipes and duelling students will receive such a wholesome correction of his views that, when he travels on into France, he will no longer imagine that he will find himself face to face, in every restaurant, with gesticulating Frenchmen eating frogs and snails.

And so, as each succeeding age becomes better informed, popular prejudices will be more subdued and less general. In the same way a knowledge of the world—a real knowledge, not merely that of the man about town—ought to result in framing our sympathies and antipathies more and more on a basis of reason. Question any one closely on art or literature, and see how often his taste runs in grooves, how he goes either with or against the popular stream for no better reason than that he likes or dislikes popularity in the matter of taste.

Except in matters of politics and religion, in which, more often than not, we continue to follow in the footsteps of our fathers, we change our prepossessions as years go on. The prejudices of youth are impulsive and easily [illegible] with the broadening of our minds, or else fixes our prejudices by accumulated habit of thought and leaves us more impregnably unreasonable than ever. The facts and fancies and caprices of old age are pathetic because of their fixity. A kind of moral jaundice has set in, chronic and incurable, and the whole world wears a sickly yellow hue. It is our own fault if we allow the habit of unreasoning judgment to obtain the mastery.

We are condemned to lie on the bed we have made; we cut ourselves adrift from much that is beautiful and of good report, and we trouble ourselves with the unrest of bitterness and uncharitableness. It has already been suggested that prejudice is a universal failing, that impulse must sometimes be the guide of even the best of reasoners. If this be so, it is well to see to it that our preconceptions are as far as possible optimistic rather than pessimistic.

Better be mistaken in believing the world to be a pleasanter spot than it really is, and one's neighbors to be more honest and single-hearted and companionable than is actually the case, than to waste emotion in gloomy grovelling in dark spots and recognizing only the sordid and unhealthy.

Let us have reasoned judgment by all means; but, if the evidence present any elements of doubt, let us give the benefit of it, like the law, to the side of innocence and not of guilt. If there must be error, let it be on the side of love rather than of hatred.

THERE is more sunshine than rain—more joy than pain—more love than hate—more smiles than tears, in the world. Those who say to the contrary we should not choose for our friends or companions. The good heart, the tender feelings, and the pleasant disposition, make smiles, love and sunshine everywhere. A word spoken pleasantly is a large spot of sunshine on the sad heart—who has not seen its effects? A smile is like the bursting out of the sun behind a cloud to him who thought he had no friend in the wide world. The tear of affection, how brightly it shines along the dark path of life! A thousand gems make a milky way on earth, more glorious than the glorious cluster over our heads.

THE captain of a ship says: "I am in the habit of reading the Scriptures to the crew. I have suffered much lately at sea, having been dismasted, and had all my boats washed away, a little to the westward of Cape Clear. I then had an opportunity of seeing who was who, and found the most unprincipled men the most useless and the greatest cowards in this awful gale, and the Bible men altogether the reverse, most useful and courageous."

THE intoxication of anger shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves; and we injure our own cause, in the opinion of the world, when we too passionately and eagerly defend it. Nor will all men be disposed to view our quarrels precisely in the same light that we do; and a man's kindness to his own defects will ever increase in proportion as he is angry with others or pleased with himself.

LABOR is life, but worry is killing. It is bad management that kills people. Nature will let no man overwork himself unless he plays her false—takes stimulants at irregular times or smokes too much. If he obeys the laws of health and walks in the way of physiological righteousness, Nature will never allow him or any other person to work too much.

MANKIND moves onward through the night of time like a procession of torch-bearers, and words are the lights which the generations carry. By means of some of [illegible] for ever and ever.

DESPONDENCY is not a state of humility. On the contrary, it is the vexation and despair of a cowardly pride. Nothing is worse. Whether we stumble or whether we fall, we must think only of rising again and going on in our course.

To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope causes a man to carry blessings of which he himself is as unconscious as a lamp is of its own shining.

ALL censure of others is oblique praise of self. It is uttered in order to show how much the speaker can bear. It has all the insidiousness of self-praise and all the reproach of falsehood.

WHO is a true man? He who does the truth, and never holds a principle on which he is not prepared in any hour to act, and in any hour to risk the consequences of holding it.

MANY mean things are done in the family for which moods are put forward as the excuse. A man or woman has no moral right to indulge in an unpleasant mood.

LUXURY shortens life, comfort prolongs it, especially ease of mind. To fret and toil after luxury or the means to have it is therefore a species of suicide.

THE greater the difficulty, the more glory is there surrounding it. Skilful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.

OUR fireside must be our sanctuary, our refuge from misfortune, our choice retreat from all the world.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

LARA CARNS.—An engagement ring is generally worn on the third finger of the right hand.

F. S.—An epact is the difference in length between time as measured by the sun, and time as measured by the moon.

F. S. T.—If you want to perfume your paper, you have to shut it up in an air-tight box with any dry scent that you prefer.

A. F. F.—The are several books published on the subject of modeling in wax and clay which may be ordered from a book-dealer.

B. R.—The chief bridesmaid holds the bride's bouquet and gloves during the ceremony; the bridesmaids have no special duties at the breakfast.

MABEL.—It is purely a matter of taste. Some have a preference for blondes and others for brunettes—no one can lay down the law as to which is the better style of beauty.

J. B. asks, "What relation am I to my first cousin's child?" and "What relation is my first cousin's child to mine?" In both cases they would be reckoned as cousins.

POST.—There are three harvests reaped in Bengal every year—peas and oil-seeds in the month of April, the early rice crop in September, and the great rice crop in December.

MYRIE.—A little sweet oil or glycerine poured in the ear is generally effectual. Sometimes the fact of turning the ear to a light is sufficient, as the light has a natural attraction for insects.

B. L. N.—Impartial writers say that the gold contained in the medals, vessels, chains, and other objects preserved in the Vatican would make more gold coins than the whole of the present European circulation.

C. K.—The title of doctor was invented in the twelfth century, at the first establishment of the universities. William Gordonia was the first person upon whom the title of Doctor of Medicine was bestowed. He received it from the college of Asti, in 1320.

REDMOND.—The nineteenth century will not end until midnight, Monday, December 31st, 1900, although the old quarrel will probably again be renewed as to what constitutes a century when it winds up, and thousands will insist on a premature burial of the century at midnight on December 31st, 1899.

DIAGNOSE.—One of the quickest ways of dispelling a headache is to give some of the muscles—those of the legs, for instance—a [illegible] sharp work to do. The reason is [illegible] vascular [illegible]

L. G.—A lady after accepting a gentleman as her escort to an evening party would display a remarkable ignorance of good breeding were she to allow another to take her home after its conclusion. The slighted gentleman would be fully justified in resenting this insult by cutting her acquaintance for ever.

NINA.—The fiction of the deadly Upas tree of Java has only this basis of fact to rest upon: The tree exudes a poisonous juice that the natives use to mix with other ingredients to coat their arrows; it also grows in the low-lying Java valley, where deadly carbonic gas more or less always escapes from the crevices of the volcanic rocks.

LITA. S.—"Crushed tragedians" are as plentiful as flowers in summer, and therefore you can rest assured that you are not alone in your disappointment. Unless endowed with the heavenly fire, it would be useless to attempt to adopt the stage as a professional, as nothing but disappointment awaits those who lack such inspiration.

T. A. H.—Wheat is considered the best of all the grains for food. It is, of course, used mostly as flour, but a great deal is used in the form of wheaten grits, which is simply wheat ground coarsely. It should be boiled quite soft, and eaten with milk. Wheat is not known to grow wild anywhere, but is supposed to have first come from Asia.

LIDIE.—One cannot doubt the existence of such a thing as love at first sight, but such love alone is a very uncertain foundation upon which to base marriage. A thorough acquaintanceship, and a certain knowledge of harmony of tastes and temperaments, is absolute necessary to a happy matrimonial career. Neither of these can be obtained in the course of a few days or weeks.

A. L. B.—No animal may be killed in Berlin, under a heavy penalty, except at the municipal slaughterhouse. Every animal is not only subjected to a careful scientific investigation, but specimens of its blood and tissues are examined under a powerful microscope, forty-five lady microscopists, with eyes trained to the work, being employed constantly in these precautionary examinations.

I. L. P.—The English Parliament compares favorably in size with those of other nations. With 670 members in the House of Commons and over 553 in the Upper House, it is far and away the largest in the world. France comes nearest with 584 in the Chamber of Deputies and 300 in the Senate. Spain comes next with 431 in Congress and 360 in the Cortes. Then comes Germany with 397 in its Reichstag and 58 in its Bundesrath, followed by the Austrian Reicherath with 353 and 245 in the Lower and Upper Houses respectively. The United States has 356 representatives in Congress and 88 Senators.

HOPE.

BY C. E. M.

Sweet hope, my child, is nothing but a reed;
God holds in hand our days, beloved one.
He winds them on the wheel that turns with speed.
The thread breaks, and our life long toil is done.
In every cradle decked with rosy wreath
Lurk germs of death.

Once, long, long years ago, futurity
Before my eyes with purest radiance glowed,
The stars with glory filled the midnight sky.
The sea with halcyon breezes calmly flowed;
But all these visions of an earlier day
Have passed away.

If, near thee, one should turn away to weep,
Ask not the reason of those silent tears;
For they are sweet, and lull men's grief to sleep—
Soft solace in our many cares and fears.
And every teardrop, child, like summer rain,
Blots out a stain!

The Indian Emeralds.

BY S. A.

NO HOUSE appears to good advantage in the fast deepening twilight of a November day, but Elmbrook Court probably stands the test as well as any in England. It is one of the loveliest of the pretty half-timbered houses of which Worcestershire can boast a goodly show; and even under the dreariest circumstances, always looks hospitable and enticing.

The exterior does not belie the interior, for the quaint, low, panelled sitting-rooms, with lattice windows and wide window-seats, are as delightful as one could imagine; and though the house does not possess the inevitable bedroom in which Charles I. once slept— if tradition is to be trusted, that unlucky monarch must have spent most of his time in a house-to-house visitation of his subjects—the upper storeys consist of charming rooms with quaint closets and recesses, and the landings all have fascinating windows. There are steps up and down everywhere, and no two rooms seem to visitors to be on the same level.

The present owner, Geoffrey Brooke, [illegible] typical Briton: who had always left his property and money matters in the hands of his steward, with the result in his case of an annually decreasing income, and who was only occasionally roused from his antiquarian studies by the alarming growth and astounding demands of his eleven children.

The family would have come to grief long since but for the practical common-sense and economy of his wife, one of the Worcestershire Guises, who inherited the true Gallic business capacities of her Huguenot ancestors, but whose devotion to the kitchen and dairy debarred her family from benefiting much by her society.

On a certain November evening the children of this ill-assorted couple were gathered round a blazing fire in the oak parlor, a splendid old room, whose floor, ceiling and walls are of rich black oak.

Their unfailing subject of conversation —the declining state of the family position and finances—was under discussion, but with rather more detail than usual, for the benefit of their guest, the Honorable Frank Temple, who however, seemed to find more enjoyment in looking at the charming face of Olivia, the eldest girl, than in listening to the diatribes of her brothers and sisters.

"Come, Olivia," said Geoffrey, "you needn't reprove us for being discontented; it's quite natural that we should feel being so pinched, and having our position in the county lowered. It's very hard to see these upstarts, who made their money goodness knows how, taking our place. And I know you always feel not being able to go to the County Ball."

"Is the County Ball the goal of your earthly hopes and desires, Miss Brooke?" asked Mr. Temple.

"I used to think so, but I don't now; I've got past all that," laughed this mature maiden of twenty-three. "But I wish Amy and Alice and Helen could go. Somehow it's different from other balls.

"You know, Mr. Temple, all our family misfortunes, date from a County Ball about a hundred and fifty years ago," said Amy, the romantic one of the family, who sometimes helped her father in his literary work, and had a large knowledge of family history. "And I always think if we could go to one, our luck might turn—it's certainly worth trying—don't you think so?"

"Decidedly," answered the young man. "But how came this by gone ball to have such disastrous effects?"

"It's quite a romantic tale; a mystery in fact that's never been solved. Would you like to hear it? Perhaps you will be able to suggest some explanation of the matter. Jack, put some more wood on first, and, children, you must leave off scuffling or go into the nursery."

The little ones settled themselves on the hearth, and their elders having drawn up closer to the blaze, Amy began:

"The Brookes used to be wealthy and very important people in the county, and at one time there was a title in the family, but that, like other good things, has taken wing. The family jewels must have been splendid, judging by the inventories papa has in his possession. In particular, there was an emerald necklace and bracelets, worth a fabulous sum, which an Indian prince had given to a Captain Brooke, in the sixteenth century, for saving his life. These were prized more than anything else, and always belonged to the eldest daughter from her seventeenth birthday until she was married. She wore them for the wedding and then they were put by for her successor, so that they were never taken out of the direct family line, and there was a tradition that as long as the rule was faithfully observed, good fortune would attend the Brookes, and vice versa.

"About a hundred and fifty years ago—that would be in Queen Anne's reign—the head of the house was a Lord Brooke, a dreadful man, who was always card-playing and drinking. He had only one son and daughter, whom he neglected shamefully, and as his wife had long been dead, they naturally grew up headstrong and self-willed.

"Lady Olivia—there is always an Olivia in every generation—was a most lovely girl—have you noticed that portrait between the windows there, Mr. Temple, because she was the original of it? She was painted in the famous emeralds."

Mr. Temple replied that he had not, but would do so presently.

"Well, you know the portraits of a given period are always alike," the fair narrator resumed. "She was [illegible] beauty of the life, but fortunately she kept a little diary for two or three years, which papa found in an old bureau. Poor Olivia must have had a miserable time, for her father was harsh with her, and though she seemed very fond of Gilbert, her brother, he soon began to follow in his father's foot-steps. Lord Brooke had a friend almost his own age, Sir Marmaduke Ray, and when Olivia was twenty, this dreadful old fellow proposed to her. Of course she refused him, but he only laughed, and said he should have her no matter what she said, for her father had given his consent."

"A little head-strong," laughed Frank Temple.

"She had good cause," returned Amy.

"There is a pitiful account in the diary of the scene she had with her father; but the old wretch said it was quite true, he firmly intended her to marry Sir Marmaduke, and she ought to think herself fortunate to have the chance. Poor girl, it wasn't only that she hated old Sir Marmaduke, but she loved some one else, to whom, indeed, she was secretly engaged. Of course he was penniless, and only the son of the vicar at Hampton."

"And was she penniless also?" asked Mr. Temple.

"Why, no, she was a great heiress—hence all her trouble," returned Olivia. "Well, matters went on very miserable for a time. Sir Marmaduke was always coming here, but Olivia refused to acknowledge him as her lover. Her father and brother treated her abominably, and compelled her to be present at their card-parties, and they all used to get drunk and quarrel, until her life grew unbearable. She hadn't many chances of seeing Edgar Mence, but managed to meet him one day in the autumn, and told him she was certain her father meant the marriage to come off soon, but she would kill herself first. They talked it over, and decided that if the Earl did not bring matters to a crisis in the winter, she should try to bear it until the spring, when she would be of age; and then they could be married. She would be rich then, because she would have all her mother's fortune. So it was agreed, and Olivia went home comforted, while Edgar returned to Oxford, but he promised to come down for the County Ball on the first of December.

"A few days before the ball Lord Brooke told Olivia that she was to appear as the affianced bride of Sir Marmaduke, and the wedding would take place at Christmas. She implored her brother to save her, but he said he had no power in the matter; and there was no one else she could turn to. She had no means of sending her lover a letter without her father's knowledge, and so all her trouble was confided to her diary, and in the three last days before the ball she wrote many pages. It is very interesting, but terribly touching; I couldn't read it aloud to save my life. But it is evident from the very last entry, written just before she dressed for the ball, that she intended to run away with Edgar that night if they could elude her father's eye. All that we know after that is tradition, or what we found in a few old letter, so that I can't give you much detail."

"I think we are having quite enough detail as it is," stuck in Geoffrey, ungallantly.

"Well, they all went to the ball," continued Amy, passing over the interruption. "Edgar was there, and I'm afraid Olivia behaved very rashly, considering the nature of the men whose hands she was in, for she danced many times with Edgar, and treated Sir Marmaduke with marked indifference; but whether she entered upon their plan of eloping no one knows for certain. The coachman and footman said afterwards that Olivia got into the family coach with her father and brother, and that Sir Marmaduke spoke to her through the window before mounting his horse to ride home to Kempsey, which is on the other side of Worcester; and then they rattled home here to Elmbrook. It was about two o'clock when they arrived, and the house servants had gone to bed, after preparing supper as usual in this very room. The footman said the two gentlemen had both taken too much and were very abusive; and they saw Lady Olivia in her dark-hooded cloak run across the hall to go up-stairs, but the Earl pulled her back; and he and Gilbert dragged her into this room and shut the door. After that the men saw no more, as they had to go to the stables. And whether their tale is true or not no one has ever seen Lady Olivia since; at least, no one has owned to [illegible] that

"And from that time the fortunes of the Brookes have steadily declined. Gilbert was killed in a duel soon after, and, when the Earl died, after a most miserable old age, the property passed to another branch of the family, and though there have been a variety of Brookes since then, good, bad and indifferent, with large families and small, they seem to have been more or less under a curse ever since. Their enterprises are generally unsuccessful, banks they are in fail, their ricks take fire, their cattle have the plague, their children take all the prevalent epidemics and many die by accident. Two of our uncles died violent deaths, and we had two little sisters drowned. For my part I firmly believe what the old housekeeper said when she was dying, that until poor Olivia's body had Christian burial, and the jewels were restorred to the family, misfortune would be the lot of the Brookes."

And Amy, having finished her story, lay back in her chair with a despondent sigh.

"Thank you very much," said Frank Temple. "I have enjoyed the story, and gladly assist at Lady Olivia's obsequies, if we could only find her bones—for I don't suppose there is much else left after a hundred and fifty years. But surely this room is haunted, or her ghost walks the ancestral domains somewhere?"

"I don't know about that," said Amy; "we've never seen it ourselves, nor heard of it, but this room was never used again during her father's lifetime. But what is your explanation of the mystery?"

"I'm afraid the detective business isn't much in my line," laughed Frank Temple, "especially with such slender clues for guidance; but I should say she escaped out of the house to waylay Edgar on his return to Oxford, and was accidentally drowned."

"That's very far-fetched," returned Amy; "mere supposition. We feel sure she was murdered." And she gave an effective little shiver as she spoke.

"Oh, look at the moon!" cried one of the little girls; "isn't it bright?"

They all looked up and saw the setting crescent shining through the mist of the November night.

"Why, we forgot to close the shutters," said Olivia; "how dreary to sit here with those bare windows behind us. We shall have ghosts looking upon us."

"Rubbish to ghosts and murders," cried Geoffrey. "Amy, you've always some thrilling story on hand. But I'm glad its clearing up, Temple; we shall be able to go out with the ferrets after dinner now."

Just then the arrival of nurse for the children, and the sound of the dressing-bell, broke up the cosy party in the oak parlor.

Not until Christmas Eve was there another gathering round the fire in the oak parlor. A sharp attack of congestion of the lungs, entailing five weeks in his bedroom was the result of that evening's ferreting for Geoffrey Brooke; and though Frank Temple paid less dearly for his sport, a heavy cold kept him a prisoner—(a very willing one, it must be confessed)—at the Court, far beyond his intended stay.

When well enough to leave, he gladly yielded to the request that he should prolong his visit beyond Christmas, in order that he might help to amuse the invalid, who, like most men unaccustomed to sickness, led his family a lively dance during his convalescence.

Even affectionate, patient Olivia, on whom most of the nursing devolved, found her forbearance and skin taxed to the utmost, and heartily appreciated the help afforded by their guest. While he, on his side, found his services amply rewarded by the society of the head nurse, and it was not long before the admiration and liking he had always felt for her, deepened into an all-absorbing passion as he realized the hidden beauty of her disposition.

Happily the worst was over in time for them to look forward to an unbroken circle round the festive board on Christmas Day; and on Christmas Eve Geoffrey's couch was drawn up in front of a splendid fire of pine-knots, and his sisters and brothers and the devoted Frank gathered round it, in order that they might once more feast their eyes on the handsome face, for Geoffrey, in spite of his overbearing ways, was the idol of the family.

The gentle old Squire, with a heavy burden rolled off his heart, went back to pore over his [illegible] tomes, and Mrs. Brooke, after pl[illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] nary preparations for the morrow, and the young people were left to themselves.

"It is more than six weeks since we all sat here together," said Alice.

"Yes, we didn't think then that we were on the verge of another of the inevitable Brooke misfortunes," returned Amy; "but, I'm prepared for anything now."

"The best thing we can do is to set about finding that necklace," said Mr. Temple, "before your views of life become any blacker than they are already, Miss Amy."

"I wish we could," she answered. "I firmly believe it's hidden somewhere in the house; and we should know it again by the portrait, whatever condition it was in."

"Are we going to put up any holly here?" said Helen, whose thoughts were always flying off at a tangent.

"Yes, we'll have a little," answered Olivia. "Jack, fetch some out of the hall and help the girls to put it up."

Jack brought in a huge bough of holly, some ivy wreaths and a hammer.

"Jack, it's no use bringing that hammer; you know papa won't allow any nails to be driven in this room."

"Oh, bother! As if two or three little ones would hurt! We might as well have no holly if it's only to be stuck on those dusty old pictures. I want to hang a bit of ivy and mistletoe on that panel on the other side of the fireplace; it looks so bare with nothing to correspond to the clock here."

Knowing that remonstrance was useless, Olivia let Jack select his wreaths and squeeze behind the settee to fix them on the desired spot.

"Now, girls," he began, sketching a design on the wall with his finger, "now do you think that will do? It won't hurt if I stick a little nail here and here"—and he rapped the wall with his hammer in a few places. "I say," he cried suddenly, "doesn't this sound different to you—here—and here? We are on the eve of a thrilling discovery; the long-hidden secret is about to be revealed. Here is the proverbial closet containing the proverbial skeleton, the only thing wanting is a keyhole and key. Now, Amy, turn your antiquarian lore to practical use for once, and show us how the ancients used to open panel cupboards." And the orator commenced a devil's tattoo with his hammer.

"I wish you'd stop that row," said the invalid, irritably; "if you are going to

drive any nails in, just be quick about it, and then come out and be quiet."

"All right. Light the lamp, Olive, and then I shall only be a minute or two," said the irrepressible Jack, and with the aid of a light he soon had the ivy arranged to his satisfaction.

As he moved away, Mr. Temple took the hammer from him, saying:

"One moment, Geoffrey; I agree with Jack that this part of the wall does sound rather different from the others:" and he struck a smart blow on the bevelled part of the panel, about five feet from the ground. There was a singular click, followed by the snap of a spring. The girls gave a shriek and the boys a shout, then Jack exclaimed:

"Didn't I tell you? I knew there was a cupboard there."

"Calm yourself," said Geoffrey; "it is probably nothing but a place for cleaning the chimney."

"Come here, Jack," said Mr. Temple, "and when I strike, push the panel with all your strength." Jack was quite ready, and the instant the hammer touched the magic spot, flung himself against the wall. There was the curious grating sound of rusty hinges trying to act, the panel slowly receded a few inches on the one side, and then stuck.

The girls rushed to the corner, and the children danced wildly round the room the room without any clear idea of what was happening; Spot and Nero barked, and even the supercilious Geoffrey sat up and shared the general excitement.

"The hinges want oiling. Alf, fetch the oil-can."

Never had the indolent Alfred obeyed an order with such alacrity.

"Pf-f!" cried Jack, anointing the rusty iron; "there is a most musty odor in the den, whatever else may be there. I should think the evil deeds of a hundred Brookes are bottled up here."

By means of oiling and working the door backwards and forwards, the hinges at last yielded, and the heavy oaken panel stood wide open, making a doorway about five feet high and three wide. Before the eyes of the excited group was a vaulted closet, but the clou[illegible] that arose on Jack's stepping in[illegible]d at first from seeing anything [illegible]

ple held up the lamp so that its light was shed over the whole chamber except that part behind the door. It was about six feet wide and ten long, running the whole distance from the fireplace to the outside wall of the house.

"What a disappointment!" cried Helen, for a couple of rusty iron boxes, and a pile of mouldy books seemed to be the sole contents of the secret chamber.

"Did you expect it to be full of bags of gold, diamonds and pearls?" asked Alfred.

"What's that behind the door, Jack?" said Mr. Temple, entering with the lamp. They stepped beyond the door, which concealed a third of the closet, and then a horrified shout from both young men sent a thrill and shock through the expectant watchers in the parlor.

"Lady Olivia!" cried Jack; "emeralds and all!" Before Frank Temple could prevent them, the whole party except Olivia and the two little ones had rushed into the closet, and the long-hidden mystery of Lady Olivia Brooke's disappearance lay revealed before them.

Partly supported on an oak chest, and partly propped against the corner of the walls, was a skeleton about the average height of women, and on the chest and floor around it were mouldering heaps of rags, some of which fell to pieces on being touched, while others still retained the crispness, and in some instances showed the pattern of eighteenth century brocade. Any doubt that might have existed as to the identity of the skeleton was set at rest by the ghastly fact of its still wearing the Indian emerald necklace. Though the jewelry was discolored and covered with dust, the young Brookes recognised it instantly by the peculiar design of the setting, with which the portrait had always made them familiar. Scattered about the floor lay bracelets and other jewels.

Meanwhile Olivia had hurried the youngsters into the nursery, and summoned her parents. Though he had no taste for horrors and mystery, the old gentleman's antiquarian instincts were all on the alert, and he was soon on the spot. Knowing what they all did of the poor young heiress's story, it was not difficult to form what, there is no doubt, was the true theory respecting her end.

The men-servants were evidently correct in saying that the Earl and Gilbert forced her into the parlor with them when they returned from the ball; and inflamed with wine and anger had probably sought to terrify the defenceless girl into compliance. But she was not a Brooke for nothing, and her spirit was as haughty and stubborn as their own, and though no one would accuse them of deliberately murdering the unfortunate girl, it can be easily understood that Olivia's defiance would enrage the brutality of her natural protectors until they raised their hands against her; and everyone knows how often a hasty blow struck in anger has had fatal results.

Evidently no blood was shed, or traces of it would have been found next morning, for it is not easily got rid of. Terror has a very sobering effect; and, alarmed and horrified at what they had done, Lord Brooke and his son must have carried their victim into the wall closed (the secret of which was probably known only to themselves), and placed her in the position in which she was found, and then concocted a tale to account for her disappearance.

It is not likely that they intended to leave the body in the closet, but their probable intention of burying it at a favorable opportunity was frustrated by Gilbert's death. No wonder the old Earl never dared to venture into the oak parlor again, and finding no suspicion attached to the place, doubtless congratulated himself on the security of his victim's tomb, which had remained intact for a hundred and fifty years.

The Squire would not allow the closet to be disturbed in any way until he had consulted the rector; and he and the worthy old gentleman—they were both magistrates—having decided that an inquest was unnecessary, the panel door was closed again until two days after Christmas, when all that remained of the once blooming Olivia Brooke was quietly laid to rest in the ancestral grave.

The rector, in virtue of his combined spiritual and worldly authority, himself removed the Indian Prince's gift, and when the bones were lifted from the chest into the coffin, an irrefragable proof of the Earl's guilt was brought to light. In the folds of a remnant of the brocaded ball dress, was a signet ring, engraved [illegible] have fallen from his finger. The iron boxes and chest did not contain much that was of pecuniary value, beyond some quaint old silver and jewelry, but they held what was of infinitely greater worth in the eyes of the unworthy old Squire—a quantity of seventeenth-century letters and documents that were just what he wanted for the completion of his "History of the Brooke Family;" the studying and editing of which gave him happy employment for the rest of his life.

The emeralds were sent to Birmingham to be cleaned and furbished up, but the good taste of the family forbade any alteration in the setting; and when they came back to the Court, they were the envy and admiration of all beholders. Of course they fell to the lot of Olivia, for the time being, but the tender-hearted girl could never be prevailed on to wear them. And, indeed, she had not many opportunities; for before another county ball had taken place, she was the Honorable Mrs. Francis Temple, and her Christmas was spent in Florence.

The luck of the Brookes certainly turned after that memorable Christmas Eve, but we suspect it was hardly so much owing to the fulfilling of the prophecy, as to Geoffrey's assuming the care of the estate, and, backed by the advice and money of his brother-in-law, to his clever management thereof.

The girls are married well, though it was always a bitter potion that none of them were ever allowed to wear the emeralds; and it was not until last year, when Geoffrey's seventeen-year-old daughter Olivia made her debut, that the Indian jewels again adorned the neck and arms of a Brooke.

Admired by All.

BY R. M. N.

THE passengers on the steamship "Albion" all complained of it being a slow party, but no one seemed capable of enlivening it. There were invalids and globe-trotters, men anxious to better their condition in a new world, young ladies of all ages in search of husbands or other blessings, ne'er-do-wells sent abroad to learn wisdom or, simply, to get rid of them—a gathering brought together not by choice but fate.

The first forty-eight hours they had either glared at or, ignored each other in true British fashion, then had thawed without amalgamating. Even the jolly, all-round girl, bent upon making things pleasant for herself and others, had become resigned to the inevitable—a dull time. Teneriffe first broke the monotony, and the arrival of fresh passengers was eagerly looked for.

Soon a young girl and striking couple, both dark, handsome, and extremely prepossessing of manner, excited general interest. Mr. Prevost de Bonnefin claimed a French extraction, wore close cropped hair and a pointed beard, gesticulated a good deal, but spoke English fluently and without accent. His advent on the "Albion" proved a veritable boon; his good spirits became contagious; the most reserved Anglo Saxons could not resist his easy grace and abandon.

His tall and shapely wife, with mischievous eyes and dazzling teeth, had all the men at her feet in a couple of days and exhibited uncommon cleverness by conquering the other sex without alienating her own.

The girls on board thought her delightful—so kind and good-natured—so interested in their past love affairs and budding flirtations. She instinctively divined affinities and always placed them near each other—by chance as it were—at her frequent tea-parties. She was a dear creature, never tried to monopolize admiration, but treated all men alike, and frankly avowed her fondness for her husband.

"We have only been married a year," she informed an elderly female busybody, "and intend travelling about for some time. Poor Henri deserves a rest. He has worked so hard and had so many business worries. To tell you the truth," she added confidentially, "we don't care for the English social cant and humbug, and want to keep clear of our stiff and conventional relatives. We may get off at the Cape and fly from civilization altogether at least for a while."

It was characteristic of the Prevosts that, with all their charming frankness, one never could get a definite clue to their [illegible] interminable days, whilst the evenings were beguiled by music, theatricals, recitations and dancing, all got up and actively supported by this indefatigable boute entrain. He was an enthusiastic sportsman, brought tears to his listeners' eyes by his recitations, and acted the noble hero to the life. The woman raved about him.

His wife's forte was music. She sang operatic airs in a quite professional style, and induced the diffident members of the party to contribute their quota to the general entertainment by good-naturedly practising their songs with them. She even undertook to train a choir with such success that the shy young parson, at first rather shocked at this married woman's flirty ways, became her warm admirer. He rarely mustered courage for a long talk, but was always at hand to fetch her parasol, book or chair, and once or twice even persuaded her to accept a lemon squash.

The Prevosts certainly made one or two enemies, who insinuated that only adventurers with an eye to invitations in the colonies, or other interested motives, would lay themselves out and be hail-fellow-well-met with everybody from the very first, as these people had been. Fortunately the young couple's popularity was proof against these revilers, and the news of their probable leaving at the Cape caused general dismay. The Prevosts had set the ball rolling, and though various friendships had sprung up and more than one engagement was on the tapis, the life and soul of the now jolly "Albion" party would go with them. After demurring a great deal, they were persuaded to go on to Australia; their time was their own, they said, and Mrs. Prevost had a wild fancy to see Sydney and Melbourne. The second half of the voyage passed even more pleasantly than the first, and, on the evening before reaching Hobart, universal regret at having to part was expressed. Some gentlemen offered the ladies a champagne supper that night. Amongst many others, the Rev. Mr. Fairburn proposed a toast to Mrs. Prevost, saying he felt sure that all would join him in expressing their thanks to that lady for her unwearied efforts to render the voyage a pleasant one. Personally he owed her a special debt of gratitude for her assistance in his pastoral duties, and feared—here his voice became unsteady—he would miss her sadly in his new post in a strange country. He might have truthfully added that, but for the "cloth," he would have fallen desperately in love with his fascinating choir-trainer. Loud cheers greeted his speech, and Mrs. Prevost's health and prosperity were drunk in the good old-fashioned way. Several pretty girls were present, but she looked the queen of the feast, with her brilliant color and sparkling eyes, set off by white draperies and a string of pearls twisted among her clustering black hair.

"I feel as if I were leaving old friends," she assured an Australian squatter, her neighbor, who, in spite of a large wife and various pledges on board, had been most attentive and offered her champagne on an average twice a day.

"I hope we are old friends," answered the other warmly. "And I trust you will honor us with a long visit before returning to Europe. I have a beautiful little gray mare which will set you off to perfection. You shall go for some long rides with," and the would-be Don Juan, quite unconscious of his better-half's frowns, put his rubicund face very close to his handsome neighbor's and smiled knowingly.

"I shall be delighted," replied the latter suppressing a smile at the thought of his bulky figure on horseback.

The goood feeling increased as the evening wore on and champagne flowed more freely. Cards and addresses were exchanged, and the hope of a future reunion expressed on all sides.

The next morning the steamship "Albion" was lying at anchor in the Derwent. The assembled passengers were watching the rapidly advancing steam launch with the health officers. Mr. and Mrs. Prevost, leaning against the taffrail, were ready for the shore.

"The old penal settlement has a strange fascination for me since I read that terrible tale, 'For the Rest of His Natural Life,'" Mrs. Prevost was remarking to Mr. Fairburn as the government officials reached the upper deck. A man in plain clothes accompanied them. He eyed all the passengers with a scrutinizing glance and, still looking round, approached the [illegible] for several [illegible] The latter returned the gaze, but paled visibly, whilst his wife instinctively linked her arm in his. Now the stranger was making his way towards the couple: a strikingly tall and strongly-built man, with an eagle eye.

"Richard Trapp, alias Prevost de Bonnefin," he called in a calm, distinct voice, "in the name of the law I arrest you. Where is the jewellery?"

"How dare you?" retorted the other, attempting virtuous indignation. But already an iron grip held his arm in a vice. In another moment the ignominious shackles clasped his wrists.

"Have your own way now," he said, shrugging his shoulders and facing the thunderstruck passengers with well-simulated calm. "You will find out your mistake by-and by."

"There is foul play at work," cried Mrs. Prevost, darting forward and seizing the detective's arm. "Release my husband," she went on, glaring at Hunbury with the air of a tragedy queen.

"Your husband!" The detective smiled. "Go back to the boards, Miss Vera Verity; your talent is wasted here."

She looked magnificent in her wrath, and he admired pluck.

"I will not be parted from him," entreated the young woman, holding out her jewelled hands to be fettered too.

"I have no orders to arrest you, Miss Verity; besides, it might lead to some complication between you and Mrs. Trapp," suggested the detective, lowering his voice.

By this time the spectators, dumb at first, gave vent to their consternation. Some would not, could not, believe their favorite guilty; the backbiters triumphed, but by far the largest number were furious to find how easily they had been imposed upon. The missing jewelry, amounting to £3,000, was soon discovered, some amongst madame's furbelows, the rest at the bottom of a box of books.

"It was I who stole the jewelry," bravely declared Miss Verity. "Here is some more," she went on, taking off her bracelets, rings and ear-studs, and handing them to the detective.

All eyes were upon her. She certainly knew how to love as well as act. But the evidence against the prisoner was conclusive; the game was up.

"Her statement is false. She had nothing to do with the robbery. Her only

misdeed was to love and follow me," he explained.

Tears stood in many eyes.

"Well," he continued, addressing his fellow passengers, "my return voyage will be less pleasant than the outward one, but I shall forget my late travelling companions."

His coolness was admirable, but Miss Verity completely broke down. Clasping the prisoner's neck, she clung to him with every sign of heartrending grief. It was some time ere the detective could bring himself to part the pair. Every one was deeply moved, and the good-natured squatter suggested taking Miss Verity to his station there and then, but, strange to relate, his wife disapproved of such impulsiveness. A little later the young woman was about to cross the gangway, when the Rev. Mr. Fairburn, with tears in his honest brown eyes, boldly stepped forward and sympathetically grasped the fair sinner's hand. He, too, would gladly have proffered help, but, alas! for "the cloth."

* * * * * *

A month later the dashing saloon passenger of the steamship "Albion" may be seen pacing the second-class deck, pale dejected, hollow eyed, indifferent to surroundings, a mere shadow of his former lively self. He is only "the prisoner" now. The story runs that he is a gentleman by birth, who, probably inheriting some hidden taint from a wicked ancestor, has developed into a rascal. Having forged his father's name, he was requested to change it, and spendthrift and spendthrift habits, coupled with a disinclination to steady work, have brought him to this sorry plight. He eloped with Vera Verity, a second-rate actress, who succumbed to his fascination, and they intended settling in New Zealand and beginning life afresh. Detective Hanbury has supplied this short biography. Though proud of his capture, which will increase his credit at Scotland Yard, he can't help pitying his charge. This morning the "Albion" has entered Rio Harbor just as the sun was rising above the fantastically-shaped hills. All are lost in admiration, and even the prisoner, for once roused from his apathy, seems struck by [illegible] every day on the downcast, and oth[illegible] that he kept them [illegible] last night with his groans.

"Put him in irons whilst we are in harbor," advises Captain Burnot. "He might easily escape in one of the natives' boats."

"No fear of that," laughs Hanbury. "His spirits are completely broken. I don't think the poor devil cares what becomes of him now. The one thing that seems to interest him is that young woman's photograph. He gazes at it for hours."

"I don't wonder answers the captain, who, like the rest, has been under the spell.

"Upon my word, it makes me melancholy to watch him. I shall be glad when I am relieved of my charge."

"Take care he does not relieve you before you know it, that's all. I have my own opinion, but I suppose you know your business."

"Of course I shall not go ashore, but I have no right to put him in irons unless he rebels," explains Hanbury.

Great bustle and confusion prevail on the steamship "Albion" all day and late into the night, which is exceptionally hot. The cabins, still closed, owing to the coaling, are simply stifling. Towards morning the prisoner complains of feeling very ill. Yellow fever, which so lately has ravaged the bright tropical city, is in everybody's mind, and the possibility of the prisoner having caught it in some unaccountable fashion, prevents his keeper from sleeping. About five a. m. the former begs to go on deck for a breath of air. Hanbury mechanically seizes the loaded pistol from under his pillow. The prisoner's face is livid; beads of perspiration stand on his forehead.

"I am sick and faint. For God's sake let me out," he implores.

The ship is anchored more than a mile from the shore. No boats will approach her for at least another hour. Hanbury unlocks the cabin, intending to follow his charge directly.

Does he fall asleep again, or is he longer than usual over his morning toilet? Half an hour later he appears on the upper deck, looks about him, calls, whistles, rushes below again, then fore and aft—his charge is nowhere to be seen.

By this time stewards, sailors, all the hands on board, begin to search also, whilst the detective, almost tearing his hair, darts wildly in every direction. At last, right astern, a coat, waistcoat and trousers are found in a little heap on the hurricane deck: Richard Trapp, alias Prevost de Bonnetin, has put an end to his blighted existance. This, at all events, is the detective's surmise, who, after going on shore, pro forma, concludes that pursuit on land of the drowned prisoner would indeed be a wild goose chase. The captain, however, acquainted with the prisoner in the palmy days of his outward voyage, holds him for a man of many resources, and firmly believes he has accomplished one of his boasted swimming feats. In that case the whilom Mr. Prevost and his charming companion have probably resumed their romance in a new world. If so, let us hope they will not again expose themselves to be suddenly torn away from society, which they are so eminently calculated to adorn.

TWO SOMNAMBULISTS.

This is the champion somnambulist story. It was told by the policeman on the block. If any person has one that beats it let that person immediately give it up or forever hold his peace.

Abram Tuck Tuckerly is a director in three banks, the President of several corporations and a man of consequent great prominence and personal dignity. He is a close observer and whenever he sees the lesser individuals in society do wrong Mr. Tuckerly interferes and straightens things out. This has become a ruling passion with him and when he comes along the street small boys who are fighting run away and policemen about to enter a "side door" look away and pass on without entering.

Wilcomb Willicks is a neighbor of Mr. Tuckerly's. He is a retiring sort of man, with thin, reddish, mutton-chop whiskers.

Now, Abram Tuck Tuckerly and Wilcomb Willicks possess a mutual failing—that of sleep walking.

One night, after the town was sound asleep, Wilcomb Willicks sallied forth, while his tired wife slept soundly, and began to leisurely promenade along the avenue. Mr. Willicks wore a pair of white [illegible] tion, he employed [illegible] to comb his whiskers with the small comb he always carries.

It so happened that as he passed the mansion of Abram Tuck Tuckerly, Esq., that dignified person emerged, also upon a somnambulistic tour. Mr. Tuckerly had his plug hat set squarely upon his gray head and wore the old-fashioned boots which he always used. Except for his robe de nuit, tall hat and boots, and his large gold-headed cane, Mr. Tuckerly was without his usual street attire.

He paused in astonishment at seeing the apparition of tall and angular Mr. Willicks strolling along with bare shanks and combing his little chop whiskers and holding his nightshirt gown.

Mr. Tuckerly remembered in his sleep that it was dangerous to suddenly awaken sleep-walkers, therefore he carefully headed Mr. Willicks off and gently steered him toward his residence Mr. Willicks, in his sweet, mild way, submitted to capture and sat down on a rustic settee on the piazza while Mr. Tuckerly rang the bell.

Mrs. Tuckerly came to the door, frightened excessively at finding her husband gone. Mr. Tuckerly, in a dignified way, and with eyes that seemed to look far and away beyond the frightened Mrs. Willicks, motioned to the airy and anything but fairy Willicks and said:

"Do not be alarmed, madam; your husband is not dead—he sleepeth."

Mrs. Willicks gased in astonishment at Mr. Tuckerly's rotund and pompous person, and almost snickered in his face at the thought of the blind leading the blind. Her husband went quickly into bed without comprehending the situation. "I wish you a pleasant evening, madam," said Mr. Tuckerly, and stumped on down the steps.

"Hould on dthere, ye spalpeen, you're walking in yer slape!" shouted the policeman on the beat.

"You are mistaken, sir," retorted the somnambulistic Tuckerly. "It was Mr. Willicks who was abroad in a most disgraceful costume. Had you been doing your duty, sir, it would not have been necessary for me to attend to him. I shall report you for your negligence, sir!"

The astonished policeman stood watching Mr. Tuckerly as he reentered his house, and then went around the block to the saloon to ask the all-night bartender if he saw anything wrong with him.

SHORT AND TALL.—One may be reasonably astonished at the superior luck, good fortune, or whatever it may be called, that seems to attend small men.

"What is the reason of it?" we asked a medical man the other day.

He laughed, and said, "Vitality better concentrated, and less inducement to fancy themselves than you tall fellows."

There is a good deal in this second reason. A young man who is tall and good looking is apt to begin life with the idea that things must all go smoothly with him. He probably has sisters, a mother, cousins, and aunts, who all try their hands at flattering him. The consequence is, he doesn't exert himself like another man, who quite early realizes that success in life is a matter of struggling.

The leading lawyer in the writer's town is a little man, comparatively young. He has cut out a score of other lawyers who, ten years ago, were thought better of than he was. He is not phenomenally energetic, but he is a monument of steadiness.

He has stuck to business, never speculated, never been seen on a racecourse, and all that sort of thing. Meanwhile, several of our taller lawyers have gone wrong, and others, neither tall nor short, have lost ground with the public. Our short friend is being splendidly repaid for his early thoroughness.

As for the doctor, he has just married a second wife at fifty-six, and is as gay over it as a youth of five and twenty. But though short in stature, he is not thin. His predecessor and partner (also our leading doctor in his day) was even shorter and stouter than himself.

To pass to the other sex. Here also it seems that smallness is an admirable quality. The most endearing terms used to a woman are diminutives. Who addresses his sweetheart as "Dear big girl"? whereas "Dear little woman!" is a phrase as sweet as a caress.

Husbands who are good for anything love to feel in the light of protectors to their wives. That is possible with a little wife, but much less so with a large wife. Most of us have seen the almost shamefaced way in which a small man marches by the side of a twenty-stone spouse, who [illegible] as if she trod the pavement at [illegible] were not quite so small. But, depend upon it, his home life is happy; not so much because his wife may be warranted good-tempered, as because, in all probability, his very smallness endears him to her in a peculiar degree.

SIX MONTHS' SIGHT-SEEING GRATIS.—Birds can and sometimes do their grand tour on the cheap, by attaching themselves to a sailing vessel and following it to the different parts of the world to which it is bound.

A seaman has described one of these tours recently made by a pigeon. The ship was lying in Portland Roads, bound for the West Indies, and had just weighed anchor, when a pigeon was observed to settle on the main-topgallant yard.

When the ship stood out to sea, Master Pigeon seemed to have lost his bearings, but the bird stuck to the rigging and dwelt there while the vessel proceeded on its way, calling at the Canaries, Barbadoes, Bermuda, and other principal ports.

The pigeon flew ashore at each place of stoppage to visit the sights and possibly hob-nob with the birds of the locality, but always turned up before the ship sailed. The sailors put him food on the maintop, which he ate regularly, though he would not allow the slightest approach to familiarity on the part of any member of the crew.

The ship experienced severe weather on the homeward-bound trip, and by the time it arrived at Portland the bird looked a weather beaten old mariner. He evidently recognized old England again, for he at once flew ashore, and although the vessel remained there some weeks, no more was seen of the pigeon, who had spent six months on his travels over many thousands of miles.

MICE MADE TO WORK.—A Scotsman has invented a thread-spinning apparatus, and is said to have trained two mice to work it. The mechanical principle of the contrivance is a small mill which is operated by the paws of the mice. They can each wind on and off from 100 to 120 pieces of thread per day, and to do this they must supply a motor power by which a course of 10½ miles could be traversed. It is asserted that the mice perform this task daily without apparent fatigue, and that a half penny worth of flour furnishes them with food enough for five weeks. During that time the little animals have spun about 3,850 threads each, a yard and a half in length.

At Home and Abroad.

The freedom which is allowed convicts under the lease system of Georgia was illustrated by a recent incident at Griffin, Ga. John Morton, a criminal serving his third term of imprisonment, and who is one of the trusties of the camp, brought in a cow, which he sold to a butcher. The fact that he was a convict was discovered later, and that he had stolen the animal from a farmer in the neighborhood.

The bicycle has come to stay, as declared by a member of the Women's National Council, who as truthfully affirms that one important effect of its visit has been to emancipate the gentler sex from the conventional skirt. This fact alone should commend the steed of steel to the favor of all womankind, to whom release from the thraldom of bedraggled skirts means good health, bright cheeks and money in their pockets that else would go to the doctors.

An expedition to the Antarctic regions is being organized at Stockholm by Dr. Otto Nordenskiold, a near relative of Baron Nordenskiold, the famous navigator of the northeast passage from Europe to Bering Strait. The expedition will leave Stockholm in July, and expects to spend the entire summer season from November, 1895, to March, 1896, on the almost completely unknown Antarctic Continent. If there be anything in a name, one may rely upon it that a Nordenskiold will accomplish something in the way of lifting the curtain of mystery which shrouds that faraway southern land of glaciers, belching volcanoes and tremendous icebergs.

M. Henry Moissan, a French scientist, has been working at the problem of making diamonds, which are believed to be composed of pure carbon. He has been using processes by which carbon is exposed to very high temperatures under pressure. Last year M. Moissan succeeded in obtaining black crystals of carbon of great density, and approaching the diamond in several re[illegible]. He has since continued his ex[illegible], and has, by [illegible] his carbo[illegible] ed under h[illegible] lowing it to cool, obtained crystals of a variety of carbon, some of which are black and others transparent. As these crystals are said to have all the properties of the natural gem, M. Moissan seems to have solved the problem.

Before the invention of printing there were in every country in Europe thousands of men who had memories that at the present day would be considered almost miraculous. In ancient India stupendous works, such as that "three hundred thousand-legged lyric," the "Mahabarata," were kept in existence by memory alone. "I have been intimate with a learned Chinese," writes Mr. Leland, "who had passed the great examination of Pekin, and I am confident that, though quite a young man, his memory contained ten times as much as any European I ever met." There are Jews living who can repeat by heart from any given word the whole of the Talmud, which is almost a library in itself. Among the Highlands of Scotland a few old people may still be found who can recite thousands of verses of Gaelic poetry.

The system of photography in use in France for criminals is peculiar to the service, and is the result of its experiments. It is free from all conventional operations, for the photograph is made simply to be recognized. The poses chosen are: a perfect profile, since that gives a sort of anatomical cut of the face; then a full-face view, since there one has the habitual expression and the pose of the head. The picture is never retouched, since scars, moles and spots are such infallible means of identification. Absolute uniformity is sought in the size, form, and style of the different photographs. In order that the distance may be invariable, the chair and camera are screwed to the floor, and there is a perfect system of adjustment, the light being thrown on the face. The result is hard on the subject. One does not care to display his judicial photograph, but for the purpose they are admirably, brutally exact.

COMBS are found in the earliest known graves.

There is no excuse for any man to appear in society with a grizzly beard since the introduction of Buckingham's Dye, which colors natural brown or black.

Our Young Folks.

CLAUDE'S TEMPER.

BY A. G.

A GREAT deal had happened to the three little Marsdens within a very short time. It seemed almost like a dream to them: in the morning they had stood on the steps watching father ride away, and in the afternoon he had been brought back on a gate with his eyes shut and a dreadful wound on his face. There were strange people about, and the poor children were dazed and unhappy. Then mother told them that they were to be taken to granny's, since father's only chance of getting well lay in perfect stillness.

"Oh, mother, we would be so good!" Madge had cried, clinging to her.

"I know, my darlings, but you will best help me now by going quietly, and giving granny no trouble. You two elder ones will take care of Syd; and Claude, my precious boy, you will not get out of temper with your little brother, will you?"

Claude promised readily enough; it seemed as if he never should get out of temper again. He thought he should not mind anything if only father would get well and they might go home again.

That had been four days ago: very long days they had seemed to the poor children, who, in answer to their repeated and anxious inquiries, could only be told that father was much the same.

They were left much to themselves, for granny was too sorrowful about her only son to attend to them, and Mrs. Haste, the housekeeper, who looked after them, though them quite old enough to be alone. If it had been fine weather they could have been happy enough out of doors, but it was cold and gloomy, and they were not allowed to stay out long.

"Granny might get some toys for us," grumbled Claude, as he stood at the window.

"She was crying this morning," said [illegible] in an awed voice.

"Father isn't [illegible] and giving us toys wouldn't [illegible]

Madge slipped out of the room to seek of Mrs. Haste, whom she found in the store-room. "Please, Mrs Haste, is there anything we can play with?" she said. "Claude does want something so much."

Mrs Haste considered. "We sent all the old toys to the workhouse children," she said. "Would a pack of cards be any good?"

"Oh, yes," said Madge eagerly. "Claude is very clever building card houses: once he made one six storeys high."

Mrs Haste found an old pack, and also gave Madge a handful of raisins, and the little girl went back to her brothers.

Claude was pleased. "That's fine!" he exclaimed. "I'll see if I can't make a seven storey house to day."

"Me help," piped up little Syd.

"No, Syd, don't you touch—Madge, see that he doesn't shake the table."

"Me look, me not shake table, me hold cards for you," persisted Syd, and Claude began to look cross.

"No, dear, sit on the floor," said Madge, hastily giving him her own share of raisins; "look, Claude, we'll give him a few cards to play with."

"All right, as long as he keeps quiet," said Claude, who soon became absorbed in his building operations, Madge handing the cards as he wanted them.

It was very interesting. Claude found that the many legs of the funny table got into his way if he sat down, so he stood; while Madge, curled up on a chair close by, watched breathlessly.

"Down again," said Claude, as for the sixth time the building came to grief.

"Perhaps the underneath ones are not firm enough," suggested Madge.

"It's this silly slippery old table. Oh, that's better, I shall do it now. Here comes the fourth storey; don't move, Madge!" cried Claude, excitedly; and Syd rose from his place on the floor to come and look on.

"Go back, Syd," commanded Claude, as the little fingers grasped the edge of the table and the eager face came nearer.

"Boo-ful!" said Syd; "me help." He reached across the table for a card, touched the tall building, which swayed, and then fell into a heap of ruins.

"You stupid boy!" called Claude angrily; "I'll give you such a slap."

"No, Claude; no, you mustn't: he didn't mean to. Build it again," said Madge, as Syd ran to her for protection.

"I shan't—he did it on purpose," Claude said, still trying to get at Syd, his face red with anger.

Then somehow, in keeping Syd away, Madge slipped, caught at the chair to save herself, but dragged it with her as she fell heavily against the high nursery guard.

Syd screamed loudly, but Madge lay quite still a moment, and when, after a terrified pause, Claude went to help her, he turned pale as he saw the long bleeding wound on her forehead. She did not seem able to move or speak, and Claude flew down the stairs, calling Mrs. Haste.

The housekeeper and two maids ran up at once, but Claude did not follow. It was he who had hurt Madge. What would mother say? and she had warned him about his temper. He could not bear the thought of her sorrowful face when she heard about it. He would go away, he thought miserably; no one could want him after he had been so wicked. He listened for a moment for any sounds from upstairs, then took his cap from the stand and crept out quietly.

It was growing dark, and Claude had never been out alone before at such a time: there were all sorts of strange shadows and sounds about, the wind was very cold, and the lights in the cottage windows looked inviting. He wandered about till it seemed to him quite the middle of the night. He cried as he thought of Syd, safe in his warm bed; and he did not care to think about Madge.

Something made a growling noise near him, and, tired as he was, Claude took to his heels and ran some distance till he was quite away from the cottages. The moon shone out, and showed him a big barn with the door open, and hay and straw littered about. At any rate it would be warmer in there, and Claude went in, but was almost frightened out again by the darkness. He crouched down on the straw, but did not feel sleepy—for he was far too lonely and frightened.

He gave a great jump as something alive rubbed against his legs; but a "mew" told him it was only a cat, that seemed glad of his company, and let him hug it close till he really dropped off to sleep.

"I haven't said my prayers," he thought, [illegible] with a start; and he knelt up in, then, holding pussy fast, he lay down and slept till the sun was high next morning.

At first he could not think where he was, but his hunger soon told him, and wiser thoughts came. They would all be so anxious about him; it was cowardly to keep away because he had done wrong. So, after kissing pussy's head, he went out into the sunshine.

He was surprised when he found he had not gone such a great distance after all. Once he had to ask the way, and he was so hungry and tired that it was late in the day before he reached Granny's house. No one saw him as he went in at the back door and crept upstairs. It was all quiet; but as he went higher, he heard a little murmur of voices.

The nursery door was open, and there was mother, actually mother, sitting by the fire, with Syd on her lap, and Madge with a plastered forehead, close by.

They heard his little cry, and were about him directly: mother's arms were round him, Madge bringing him food, and Syd kissing him.

"My poor little boy!" mother said; "I only knew about it this morning. Father is better, now, going to get quite well. Granny is with him, and perhaps next week you will all come home."

Claude was too happy and thankful to say much.

AND KEPT HER WORD.—The notorious Princess Natalie K—— was a magnificent and captivating beauty, with the temper of a demon, and became the most dreaded and admired woman at the Czar Alexander's Court. Her husband worshipped her, and in his unwise infatuation permitted her to exercise complete control over himself. To gratify her love for luxury and pleasure, he plunged into debt, and was then obliged to dispose of one estate after the other.

Once when her husband handed her a little packet of bank-notes he had won, as a kind of peace-offering, she seized them and threw them into the fire, to cure him, as she said, of late hours and club gaming.

Another night, when she was arrayed in full splendor for a Court ball, General K—— happened to keep her waiting. At last he came, intensely excited, with flushed face and flushing eyes. She imagined his appearance was the result of wine, and said so in loud and angry tones.

"Oh, no, my dear," he protested. "I had the most important business to transact concerning yourself and our son. Look at these rouble-notes—of course, you will not throw them into the fire?"

"I will, though!" the princess passionately exclaimed; and then, hastily snatching the bundle of notes from his hands, she cast them into the flames.

He shrieked in despair, and rushed forward to save them; but there was a bright blaze, and the bundle was gone!

"Natalie," said he, in a hollow voice, "you have now destroyed our whole remaining fortune—four hundred thousand roubles. I trust, if I should not return alive from the Caucasus, that you may never have a bitter repentance. To-day I received orders from the Emperor's own lips to join the army in the Caucasus immediately. In order to secure you and our boy's future, I, this morning, sold our last estate, and everything is now in ashes—only ashes!"

General K—— was killed in one of the first engagements in the Caucasus, and Natalie became the most heartless of widows.

SMALL DISCOURTESIES.—Even men who pride themselves upon their fine manners frequently violate some small rule of etiquette. Not long ago I was sitting with a friend by her fireside. A gentleman was ushered in who was well known to my friend, but a comparative stranger to me. He shook hands with her first, which was, of course, the right thing to do, and then, while speaking to her, he shook hands with me. The breaker of this law of courtesy was a young professional man, well endowed with this world's goods. I should not record this little rudeness if it was only of rare occurrence, but I often notice people guilty of this discourtesy—namely, that of shaking hands with one person while they are speaking to another person. If you wish to say more than "How do you do?" to your hostess, or to anyone else whom you greet at first, it is less discourteous to continue your conversation with her for a few moments before taking notice of anyone near her, than it is to stretch out your hand and shake that of her neighbor, [illegible]

[illegible] verdict, and as, in this respect also, he is by no means the only offender in general society, I shall mention the little rudeness. There are three, if not more, separate syllables and sounds which some people utter or make when they have not heard what has been said to them, or when they wish to express assent. These are, "What?" "Eh?" "Uh!" and a guttural sound of the letter m, which cannot be expressed in writing. "I beg your pardon," or "What did you say?" are sentences which should certainly be said when a repetition is asked for; and "Yes" should not be replaced by a grunt when an assent is given.

POET CARPET-CLEANER.—The poet Tennyson had his little mishaps, just as less-gifted mortals do. One afternoon he called on some friends, learned that they were not at home, and decided to leave a note. The housemaid took him to the drawing-room and gave him pen, ink, and paper.

When signing his name to his polite little missive, Tennyson, by a jerk of the elbow, overturned the ink-bottle, and great was his dismay at seeing a large pool of ink spreading rapidly over his friend's new white Persian carpet of matchless beauty.

Horror-stricken, he rang the bell. Up ran the servant. "Do please help me!" cried the poet. It happened that the milkman had just left a can of frothing milk at the door, and the intelligent housemaid remembered in the nick of the time that new milk, if thrown over wet ink, would remove all traces of the despoiling fluid. Accordingly she overturned a jugful upon the large black pool, and, with housefiannel and cloths, set about rubbing and scrubbing at the stain.

Down went Tennyson on his hands and knees, rubbing and scrubbing with his little helpmeet. His agony of mind lest his old friend should knock at the door and suddenly appear on the scene of disaster he often described in later days, declaring that it "reached the infinite." But with such goodwill did this strange couple work together that every trace of ink was removed.

"Here is a five shilling-piece, my good girl," cried the poet, "and God bless you!"

With that, he seized his hat and made for the door. Some weeks later an invitation to dine with his old friends reached Tennyson. He went; and the carpet was in no way alluded to on either side.

Bronchitis yields at once to the healing influence of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A "Krupp" gun weighs 130 tons.

Russia has 22 national flags and France 21.

Ohio is the champion State for divorces.

The German army uses 137,000,000 blank cartridges a year.

Millions of Javanese work for from six to twelve cents a day.

Windsor Castle has been used as a royal residence for 784 years.

The word "Parliament" first appeared in the laws of England in 1272.

The carriages used by the German Emperor are lighted by electricity.

The division of the clock dial into sixty minutes originated in Babylon.

In Great Britain the yearly loss in wages through ill-health is $50,000,000.

Nearly all the gum-arabic of commerce comes from the desert of Sahara.

Three thousand Boston children of school age can't get into the overcrowded schools.

It is estimated that 90,000 conversations take place daily over the telephones in New York.

There are some 15,000 people in London whose professional occupation is writing for publication.

More than one-half of the vapor in the atmosphere is within 6,000 feet of the surface of the earth.

Frogs, which are a valuable food-crop in Belgium, are now under the protection of law in that country.

Although Alsace was under French control for nearly two centuries, the people continued to speak German.

An instrument at Rome registered a Japanese earthquake, nearly a fourth of the earth's circumference away.

The khans of Khiva, Khokand, and Bokhara date the origin of their families back as far as the Turkish invasion of Europe.

The Bank of France is guarded by soldiers, who do sentry duty outside the bank, a guard being kept on duty inside as well.

The Prohibition town of Portland, Me., uses $75,000 worth of liquor every year [illegible] to the effect that against Masonry.

Lightning is most destructive in level, open country. Cities, with their numerous projections and wires, are comparatively exempt.

There were two total eclipses of the sun in the year 1712 and two in 1889. This rare phenomenon will not happen again until the year 2057.

The reformers of the English Church in 1549 struck out nearly 100 holidays, leaving only such as in their time were dear to the popular heart.

The renting of portions of the pavements in Paris to proprietors of cafes, who set up tables there, brings into the city 900,000 francs a year.

It is claimed that the first Japanese armed ship of modern design was an American vessel, and that her first admiral was an American officer.

The largest bequest for charity in England in 1894 was made by the will of Mr. Samuel Weston, of Manchester, who bequeathed $575,000 to local charities.

Dead bodies, when taken as cargo on a ship, are always described as either statuary or natural history specimens, owing chiefly to the superstition of sailors.

Tarring and feathering was once a legal punishment for thefts. It is said to be found in the statutes of both England and France about the time of the Crusades.

Japan has a banking house that has been in business without a break for over 300 years. The bank has now over 30 branches, and is the largest private bank in Japan.

In Malta bees are plentiful, and bee stings are in such repute as a cure for rheumatism that resort to this primitive method of inoculation has been a common practice in severe cases for generations, the results, it is said, having been most satisfactory to the patients.

Offences in connection with the adulteration of food are treated with greater severity in Germany than in England. Under the German law, offenders of this kind are invariably sent to prison. Adulterators are punished with more severity than pickpockets.

The bankers of Crawfordsville, Ind., have inaugurated a bread war, and it is expected bread will come down to nearly a cent a loaf. One man began the fight by offering two loaves for a nickel. Then another offered three loaves for a dime and twelve for a quarter. A third then offered thirteen loaves for a quarter, and fifty two for a dollar.

No use to deny the fact that Salvation Oil is fast taking the place of all other liniments.

A REMEMBRANCE.

BY PINOCCHIO.

Along the green lanes I love to stroll,
Beside the singing river blue,
When morning's bright on hill and knoll
And the grass ashine with dew.

When among the boughs the wind sighs low,
Breathing to me a sad sweet song,
And bringing back a remembrance dear
Of a love lost, oh, so long.

Then with the light of the beaming day,
Her vision again I see,
The golden hair, the witching smile—
The same that oft solaced me.

But yet it is only a mem'ry of her,
Who stands beside the shining throne,
May she ever light my sorrowed path,
Through the life that I must tread alone.

EFFORTS OF BEAUTY.

The charm of loveliness is intensely fascinating to all women, and to be beautiful some would give half their bounty. Many men have a weakness for a handsome appearance, and where Nature has been unkind, art has proved herself capable of repairing the deficiency.

The ways of the beautifier—man or maid—are many and mysterious, but sometimes the gilder of Nature's gold discovers the results of his artifices to be unbecoming and detrimental to his personal appearance or comfort.

A lady, whose hair was beautifully curly, being dissatisfied with its color, attempted to dye it, and found, to her cost, that the natural waviness was lost; the nature of the dye—which was probably of an inferior sort—having taken all tendency to curl from her once lovely tresses.

There was no remedy, so a hair specialist informed her, unless she would consent to her head being shaved—a process she rather reluctantly decided to follow. The result was all that her informer predicted, and the experimentalist's head was once more curly as Cupid's.

To the surprise of a very sedate city [illegible] application of certain hair-washes, he found his head had assumed a tint approaching very near to Nile green, almost outrivalling the ribbons on his wife's new spring bonnet in the pleasing depths of its tone.

His impressiveness remained, perforce, in the privacy of his home, until the unwelcome sheen was removed from his hapless head; which necessitated vigorous bathing in strong ammonia and water.

Quite a sensation was caused by a lady staggering helplessly in the streets one day last summer, she being apparently in a state of great fright, while her eyes were much distended, and fixed in a frightful manner. She had been using belladonna to brighten and enlarge the pupils of her eyes, but an unskilful application had resulted thus disastrously, causing a temporary loss of sight.

Conveyed home in a cab, the foolish lady was obliged to engage the services of a skilled optician, before entirely recovering from the effects of her rash experiment.

An object of unloveliness was a one time pretty lady, who, guilty of attempting the painting of the lily, had quite obliterated what good looks she previously possessed. Her hair had lost its color, being tinted somewhat similar to partially-dried hay; moreover, its original firmness had been so destroyed that each separate hair could be stretched to twice its original length, after the manner of indiarubber. The face had been so liberally bedaubed with unpleasant compounds that the skin had assumed an unhealthy coarseness, while unsightly marks covered the whole of the neck and forehead. For more than a year this girl was compelled to preserve a strict privacy, and quite a fortune was spent in traveling from place to place to imbibe the different waters, and to consult eminent specialists, before her good looks were restored.

Not long ago it was told of a lady, anxious to reduce her feet to Cinderella-like elegance and diminutiveness, that she employed a sort of corset which clasped the instep tightly, and bandaged the toes in a formidable manner. A very short period of such torture sufficed to inflame the feet to a degree that, to save the woman's life, one was amputated.

Some people, on the ground that if a little treatment is good, excessive treatment must certainly be better, indulge largely when anything new comes under their notice. This was exemplified by a lady, whose chin and lips, covered with a soft downiness, excited looks from fair companions not essential to her comfort. She thereupon procured a bottle of lotion for removing the hairy covering; and, without deigning to give the directions more than a cursory glance, applied the liquid plentifully over the hirsute parts.

Not only did she succeed in bringing off the hair, but the skin shared the same fate, and for many weeks her visage appeared as if it had undergone a mustard plaster treatment of exceptional strength.

Tight-lacing and its disastrous results have been so often written about by people anxious for the abolishment of this inhuman distortion of the body, that incidents of this nature are somewhat superfluous. But a case which recently happened in Austria may be appropriately chronicled. The victim was an actress, who had won some degree of fame by her natural character-rendering. She was found dead in bed, with a wooden corset, fitted with screws, tightly belted round her waist. This formidable instrument — intended for night wear—was so contrived that it was capable of being reduced to wasp-like proportions by the simple turning of various screws, its rigidity compressing the waist to the desired size quickly, wearer, an internal inflammation having stopped the heart; while the lady's waist and lips were blue-black.

Owing to some trifling defect, a lady suffered a slight operation to lower the lid of one of her eyes—a delicate task which the surgeon would not guarantee to be quite successful. When the bandages were removed, the eyelid was worse than before; so the foolish person attempted to remedy the defects herself—with, as may be expected, a sequence which utterly ruined her facial appearance; whereas, originally, the disfigurement was unnoticeable at a casual glance.

Grains of Gold.

Repose is the mother of activity.

The truth hurts, but it also heals.

The bright side is not always the right side.

In kind words some people are very stingy.

A good man is killed when a boy goes wrong.

If you would feel right, believe right and do right.

It is well to hope for success, but much better to deserve it.

No man is good who behaves himself simply because he has to.

There is more power in gentleness than there is in dynamite.

A self-made man generally manages to spoil his job somewhere.

The hardest battles we fight are the ones we have with ourselves.

Have nothing to do with the thing that bad men are in favor of.

People who really want to do good will sooner or later find out how.

The thing most dangerous is the one that does most to make us selfish.

The man who claims that there is no such thing as an honest man, tells others what he thinks of himself.

There are too many people who are willing to do all the shouting and let somebody else do all the work.

Femininities.

The management of the Austrian female prisons is in the hands of religious orders.

Mrs. Maria Lawrence, of Palmer, Mass., is a member of the fire department of that town.

A man doesn't generally get a bad reputation without deserving it, but it sticks to him after he has ceased to deserve it.

He, feeling his way: "An honorable man should marry only for love." She: "Certainly; oh, certainly—if he can afford it."

There is great indignation in Green Bay, Wis., because a detective got a confession from a wife murderer by disguising himself as a priest.

Watts: "Did you ever know of any one dying for love?" Potts: "Once, I knew a fellow who starved to death after being refused by an heiress."

Marie: "Frank told me last night I was the only girl he ever loved." Kittie: "Pshaw! he was engaged to me a month ago." Marie: "Well, what's that got to do with love?"

He: "If you didn't love me, why did you marry me?" She: "Well, when you proposed you said I was an angel, and I'd heard it said that people should marry their opposites."

Suitor: "That's all right. I may be poor, but I am certainly deserving." Miss Coldshoulder: "That's why you are poor. It's the undeserving who get all there is in this world."

She, after a passage at arms: "You love me, then?" He: "I love you now." She, resignedly: "Ah, well, I suppose if a woman can get a man to love her now and then, she should be content!"

A remarkable result of the general mourning in Russia has been the increase in the number of marriages. This is accounted for by the fact that young people are forced to spend their evenings in domestic circles.

Parisian women are, some of them, wearing hand-painted gowns. One in which a well-known leader of fashion in that city appeared was of dull white silk, and had over the plain flaring skirt large painted baskets loaded with flowers.

"Men are such inconsistent creatures!" sighed Mrs. Witterby. "It was only the other day they were enthusiastic about [illegible] the machine at the polls, and now I

[illegible] ers that fly the Spanish flag or are subsidised by that Government shall in the future carry none but Spanish engineers. The prevailing practice is to carry at least two British engineers, and formerly all were British.

Digler: "I courted my wife three years before I got her, and it was nearly all wasted time." Bigler: "Why, isn't she a most excellent woman?" "She is, indeed; but I've discovered since that I could have got her in three months if I had had the gumption to ask for her."

Professor: "Certainly, Napoleon was a wonderful man. I cannot understand how any one but a woman could have accomplished what he did." Mrs. Bryn-Mawr: "What do you mean, Professor?" The Professor: "Why, for years he managed to have everything his own way."

At Staroja, in the Government of Novgorod, Russia, a girl of 14 was lately arrested on the charge of strangling a 2 year old child, which she was employed to look after. She thereupon confessed to having killed sixteen children in this way, and gave as her reason that she did not like the trouble they gave her.

The Sultan of Turkey has recently given one more proof his unceasing and high solicitude for the welfare of the army. He has ordered that tea shall be served to all soldiers twice a day, and three time on Friday, which is the Mussulman Sabbath. Of course, the announcement of this imperial order has been received with great enthusiasm by the Ottoman soldiers.

Mme. Calve recently had an experience with the courtesy of Spanish thieves while she was in Madrid. Two well-dressed strangers stole her satchel, which contained some money and a number of luck-pieces and talismans, including a bunch of dried flowers from her father's grave. The loss worried the artiste, but, when the newspapers reported the theft, the thieves sent her the precious relics neatly inclosed in a packet, in which was a polite note begging that the "finder" of the reticule might be permitted to keep the money as a souvenir of so charming a vocalist.

The Chicago papers tell how Mrs. Marion Robertson, of that city, earned $2 very easily recently. Having voted at the last election she was summoned for jury duty. The judge told her he had no doubt she would make a good juror, but as the law barred her sex when it came to jury service, he would have to excuse her. "I am willing to serve," replied Mrs. Robertson. "Well, a venireman who is willing to serve is entitled to his or her pay when rejected," said the judge. "The clerk will give you a warrant for $2." The warrant was handed to her with her subpœna for a souvenir.

Masculinities.

Geese, in migrating, often travel over 8,000 miles.

Love never finds a burden that it does not try to lift.

The man who assiduously courts trouble will in the end be married to it.

It doesn't follow that because a man sees double he is gifted with second sight.

Queen Victoria has outlived three Czars of Russia and two Emperors of Germany.

Charley Cumso: "Why are girls called misses?" Freddy Fangle: "Did you ever see 'em try to hit anything?"

A correspondent suggests that "mum" is used as a title for ladies on account of their well-known love of silence.

Workers in the spinning mills of Japan labor twelve hours a day, and have in that time only one hour for meals.

We have noticed that the only one in the family who looks pleased when the door bell rings is the girl who is engaged.

By the passage of salt through the body the absorption of food is stimulated and the activity of tissue-changes and growth is increased.

The "Gazette des Beaux Arts," of Paris, throws very serious doubt over the question of whether the world has a genuine portrait of Napoleon.

"De trouble 'bout de spirit ob perseverance," said Uncle Eben, "am dat it's to ill'ble to strike a man hahdest when he's in tiahly in de wrong."

One of the conditions of membership of a recently-formed New York club is that each member must give one hour a week to doing some good action.

An enterprising firm in Palestine does a prosperous business by bottling water from the Jordan and selling it in various parts of the world for use in churches.

The Lord Mayor takes precedence of every other British subject within the jurisdiction of London—the Prince of Wales himself, even, not being an exception.

"Well, this is about the queerest book I've ever found." "What is it?" "That's what I can't tell. On the cover is 'Magazine' and inside are two poems that I can understand."

"Are you comin[illegible] 'literary' tonight?" "I reckon[illegible] better come!"

William [illegible]lorf Astor, [illegible] and contract with a New York florist to place flowers to the value of $50,000 upon the tomb of the late Mrs. Astors during the coming year.

The newest fashion among the ladies at St. Petersburg is to arm themselves with long canes when they go abroad. Some of these canes measure six or seven feet in length.

It has been computed by a statistician that there are now enough paupers in Great Britain to form, if ranged four abreast, a procession considerably over one hundred miles in length.

Three-tenths of the earnings of a Belgian convict are given to him on the expiration of his term of imprisonment. Some of them thus save more money in jail than they ever saved before.

Peter Greisch, of Appleton, Wis., claims to have the smartest dog in Christendom. Peter's dog rescued a freezing man in the snow the other night with the thermometer 15 degrees below zero.

Under Draco's laws, enacted at Athens, 621 B. C., all idlers were executed, the law being carried out to the letter with as much severity as though the offender had been found guilty of murder.

The Shah of Persia carefully treasures an heirloom in the shape of a small cube of gold literally covered with Oriental letters and characters. It is said to have fallen from heaven during Mohammed's time.

The most important duty of Japanese parents is to find matrimonial companions for their sons and daughters, and the non-fulfilment of this duty is regarded as a disgrace both to the young people and to the parents.

There are 400 women employed in the Government salt mines in the Punjaub. Their work consists in carrying head loads, moving trucks, and other labor, supplementary to the actual cutting or mining, which is done by men.

"Every single woman," said the eminent lady lecturer on "How to Find Happiness," "should study her faults and failings." "But why not the married woman as well?" asked one of the audience. "There's no need of her studying her faults. Her husband will attend to all that."

The Emperor of Germany is having a miniature fort put up in his sons' playground, designed by one of Krupp's engineers, and fitted up with Krupp's cannon and all the newest inventions for warfare. This is to teach the young Princes the practical working of a fort, and in the minutest details the toys will be perfectly complete.

Latest Fashion Phases.

At a wedding before Lent the five bridesmaids wore gowns of cream colored silk crepon, with satin pouf sleeves and frilled fichus to match. Their Gainsborough hats were of black velvet, with black tips and mimosa flowers under the brim. Their bouquets were of mimosa and daffodils, with long trails of asparagus, ferns and daffodils.

At another wedding the same number of bridesmaids officiated, wearing pink crepon and satin gowns, and short veils of pink chiffon, in lieu of hats or bonnets. They carried lilies of the valley and pink carnations.

A third very fashionable English wedding was graced by six bridesmaids in dresses of cream-white and pink chine brocade, with full bodices, having deep collars at the back of chinchilla; in front, rosettes of pink velvet, long, loose bretelles of white lace, and black satin sashes tied behind. Their hats were of pink chip, with puffed black velvet crowns, the brims being strewn with white violets, and trimmed with long, upstanding loops of pink satin ribbon. They carried "granny" muffs of pink satin and chinchilla, with a cluster of white violets on them.

The new crepons are so varied in design and beautiful in coloring that they baffle description. One of the latest novelties has an ecru ground which resembles canvas, with crinkled silk stripes of two or three subdued colors woven on its surface crossing and recrossing to form a large plaid, which is all very modest in coloring, but showy in effect. Many shades of one color are prettily blended on one surface; two colors in strong contrast are woven together, while other crepons have dots and spots of bright colored silk to further emphasize the deep crinkles.

Summer silks show the creped effect which has come to be a reigning feature of all dress goods, and are either crinkled in stripes of various widths or all over.

The new taffetas are striped with satin and covered with dots and pretty chine designs, and those of neutral tint on pale grounds have pretty Watteau patterns of sprays and garlands of flowers scattered over their surface. Watered grounds are also fashionab

[illegible] diagonal, are to be worn for spring gowns, and woollen goods, in canvas and basket effects, are to be made up in tailor dresses.

Round waists will continue in favor through the coming season, except perhaps for stout women, to whom they are not very becoming, and all sorts of beaded yokes, spangled and finished on the edge with jet cabochon, and used for their decoration.

The latest bonnets for evening and afternoon wear are, in most instances, all black, made with flat crowns or shapes of net closely spangled and trimmed with rosettes of net or mousseline de soie beaded on the edge, and gauzy wings of wired mousseline, with spangles. Where flowers are used they are made in the form of rosettes.

Ostrich feather tips are used at the side of collar bands, instead of the loops of ribbon, with great effect.

Pretty tea jackets are made of nun's veiling in pale colors, lined with silk and trimmed with open-work embroidery over the silk and the veiling fitted on below makes a charming jacket.

Large butterflies of jet and spangles are worn on the front of bodices at the belt so large that they reach from side to side and reach well down on the skirt.

It is astonishing how lawn, chiffon and other such light trimmings are being mixed with the heaviest and roughest materials. This is quite a French idea and adds a very becoming touch to the stoutest cloths. Ivory white satin is sure to be de rigueur during the spring season; nothing looks nicer in the short box cloth coats, which are to take the place of the box-cloth capes, looked upon with so much favor last year.

Speaking of coats brings us back to our starting point. Velvet bolero coats are to be very much worn; in fact they are already much in vogue and many are lined and faced with rich, delicate tints of light "Duchesse" satin.

One is a fashionable velvet coat in a lovely sea green, lined and faced with rich white satin, the revers being slightly braided in silver cord, matching the exceedingly handsome fancy buttons. The demi-vest of fine white lace, thickly ruched, can be left out, it being separate. The pretty green velvet hat is daintily ornamented with silk ribbon bows and tips.

A second sketch represented an exceedingly smart, fawn colored, box-cloth, "paddock" coat. It is cut in the stylish length and has a very full basque and strapped seams, while two seams also run over the shoulder, terminating in little pockets on either side of the front. The step collar and wide revers are edged with a similar strap and fasten on the left side of the coat with three fancy smoked pearl buttons. The novel sleeves are full at the top to the elbow, whence they are plaited tightly to the waist. The tuscan straw hat is trimmed with ostrich plumes and flowers, and the pretty lace bow at the neck adds to the chic effect of this becoming little coat.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF INTERESTING FEATURES.

The most approved tea table this season is square—two wooden trays, mounted on four spindle legs; the upper tray has an oval aperture at either end, so that it can be carried across a room with ease.

Tinted notepaper is very fashionable this year, especially the grayer shades of blue, heliotrope, and delicate pink. The crest is stamped in white, picked out with gold; or the monogram in gold on a white medallion. The wax used for sealing the envelope should be of the same color as the paper, but either a shade darker or lighter; dead-white wax is often, however, preferred for blue paper. A box of stationery is always of one color only.

The most handsome of the French leather work is as plain as possible, and of a single color (the harsh green known as vert Russe standing out rather prominently just now), the only bit of decoration being the monogram in twisted silver or gilt metal, or a coronet, and the metal snaps of the purses and handbags. Some of the soft leathern cigar and cigarette cases exhibited by the jewelers have a gold and jeweled serpent twisted round the lip of the outer sheath.

Unglazed leather, either white or tinted palest pink, blue, or mauve, is much in vogue for feminine knick-knacks, such as card-cases, portemonnaies, reticules, pocket mirrors, and powder-bags, made of a circular piece of leather gathered up by a cord passing through small eyelet-holes—a new item of the paraphernalia every woman is expected to have about her.

[illegible] leather [illegible] flowers in red and white enamel [illegible] out in bold relief. This is a very effective decoration for the larger articles, such as photo frames, the backs of hand-glasses, the bindings of albums, and blotting-books, but is less well adapted to smaller things.

The stock of grotesque monsters and animals which go by the name of paper weights has not had anything very striking added to it since last season. The scarlet demons still hold the first place among the former. The Bedouin leading a camel, and a swarthy Soudanese crouching by a fire of sticks or keeping watch over a calebasse full of tropical fruit, finds a place in neither of these divisions, and is in its way a work of art.

The clear crystal paper weight in the form of an apple, with silver leaf and stem, is to be looked for among the sparkling gems at the jewelers', who are also showing some beautiful specimens of glass bottles and vases, cut like cameos, and mounted in gold.

The latest idea in respect to ladies' watches is a little enameled slipper, with the watch face in the toe, suspended to a pin in the form of a true-lover's knot.

As an ornament for the hair, the aigrette is conspicuous—now in the complicated shape of a phœnix, now merely a spray of diamonds or pearls mounted on invisible wires. I have seen aigrettes of this sort introduced into the trimming of a theatre or wedding capote.

A beautiful diamond collar is composed of the curved stalks of the lily of the valley, arranged in symmetrical form, each with its rows of bell-shaped flowers cut out of the solid stone. Slides designed in the Renaissance or Louis XIV. styles, or composed of conventionally arranged flower forms, executed in diamonds only, or diamonds mixed with pearls, are provided for the decoration of the fashionable velvet necklet. They are sold in sets of three, and show up most effectively against a background of ruby-red or sky-blue material.

The latest addition to the list of new buckles is an oval or rectangular twist of gold coil, with a green lizard, set with emeralds, reposing on one side. Pairs of pins are provided for the double purpose of securing the belt of the dress and lifting the superabundant length of the skirt. One of them is fixed at the waist, and the other some inches lower down on the skirt; the latter is supplied with a hook that fastens into an eye in its fellow. These pins are made in gold, and generally decorated with polished stones. Black steel trinkets are more in vogue than ever. A twisted coil of steel will be traversed by a bar of diamonds. Fleur-de-lis in black steel, dotted with small diamond points, are worn by ladies in Court mourning.

Coaches are not only chosen to hide cigars in; they are reproduced in oxydized silver for brooches, the whole turn-out, four horses and all, not measuring more than an inch and a half, from the leaders' noses to the guard's coattail.

Among the thousand-and-one little trifles that come into existence at this season, I have noted a wonderful variety of pincushions and penwipers. When a pincushion is reduced to a tiny padded excrescence, it may be applied to anything, and in this form it is to be found on satin palettes, on gay little beribboned bellows, on grotesque figures surmounted by Japanese masks and faces.

Pretty dolls' heads, with flower petals forming ruffs about their necks, and composing dainty little caps and other headgear and the animated flowers are used to adorn pincushions and penwipers. All sorts of flowers are represented—the modest violet, the queenly rose, the flaunting sunflower, the prim dahlia, the gaudy poppy; and the flat little cushion, which will hold a few pins at a pinch, and the bits of cloth, which it would be a sin to stain with ink, are chosen purple, pink, yellow, or crimson, to match each flower exactly. These "animated flowers" will prove invaluable knick-knacks for gifts—dainty, bright, and inexpensive.

SLANG.—A slang dictionary needs revising every week.

Each day, it would seem, some new and expressive word or phrase is either born or adopted into a new meaning.

The other evening a police captain was telling of a robbery case that had come under his observation.

Said he: "The fellow had no business to go into the place. As soon as he went in they [illegible]"

"A live lobster is a man with money. That's what he is called by the people who are after his money. If they size him up as having no money they call him a dead lobster."

Another slang phrase occasionally heard in the streets and probably destined to a long career of usefulness is "on the ice."

A man who asks a favor of another and is refused says he is "on the ice."

It is equivalent to saying that he "got the marble heart."

Any one who is kept in a chilly condition by hard luck is supposed to remain "on the ice."

In the office buildings there is a new compound word which is most expressive.

During the cold snap hundreds of pedestrians passed through the warm corridor of the long Monadnock building every day.

This route was not only the "short cut" between Jackson and Van Buren streets, but it permitted people to escape the freezing winds which sweep along the base of every sky scraping building.

The pedestrian who comes out at the other with no purpose in view except to keep warm is called by the attaches of the building a "walker-through."

"The building is crowded to-day," remarked some one to an elevator man.

"Yes," he replied, "but most of them are walkers-through."

Such a word is actually useful in designating a certain class of busy people.

AMOUNTS.—How much can be raised on one acre depends on how much work can be bestowed. It would not be an easy matter for one man to cultivate an acre with the view of having it produce to its utmost capacity. In fact, the possibilities of what an acre will do cannot be known. With labor unstinted and the free use of fertilizers the yield can be made enormous.

SPEAKING of men's fashionable hats, should one say "the latest style," or "the latest tile?"

There has never been anything discovered that will equal Dobbins' Electric Soap for all household uses. It makes paint look like new, and clothes as white as snow. Our wash-woman says it is a pleasure to use it. Ask your grocer for it.

R R R

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action the CAUSE of the PAIN is driven away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the READY RELIEF is so admirably adapted for the CURE OF PAIN and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

It Is Highly Important That Every Family Keep a Supply of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need anyone SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Aches and Pains

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white lumbar dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25c per Box. Sold by druggists.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

Recent Book Issues.

The smallest dictionary in the world is issued by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York. It is one inch long, by three quarters wide, and one quarter thick. It contains all the words of Johnson's dictionary in 384 pages. It is enclosed in a locket with a magnifying glass attachment in order to make the letters quite clear.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"Art Idols of the Paris Salon" is a quarterly publication begun by the White City Art Company, Chicago, which will number in all 100 plates, about 15x20 inches in size, reproducing the masterpieces of French art for 1894. The January number contains six plates. The reproduction is admirable in its mechanical execution, and the six plates are six gems. The subscription price is $4 00 per annum or $1 00 per single number. The first series consists of: T. Robert Fleury's "Leda and the Swan," "The Fall of Babylon," by Rochegrosse; "The Daughters of Menestha" and "The Spider's Web," by Lequesnel; "Artemis," by Wencker and Jean Benner's superb work, "Phrosine and Milydore."

The March number of "St. Nicholas" opens with a portrait of a child engraved by T. Johnson from a painting by J. W. Alexander. Prof. Hjalmar Boyesen tells a story of life in Norway in "The Boys' War." There is another of Rudyard Kipling's remarkable jungle stories, this one being called "The King's Ankus." Mr. Howard Pyle's serial, "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," describes the rescue of the heroine from the clutches of the pirates. Prof. Brander Matthews, in his series of studies of the great American authors, has a sketch of Hawthorne. There are other good articles and the usual number of pictures and poems. Century Co., New York.

"Cassell's Family Magazine" for March has for a frontispiece a pleasing drawing entitled "Good Night." The contents include a number of interesting and instructive contributions. The serial story, "The Voice of the Charmer," is continued, and there are three complete stories, and a number of illustrated articles. A piece of

"The Popular Science Monthly" for March contains "The Birth of a Sicilian Volcano," illustrated; "The Lesson of the Forest Fires;" "Copper, Steel and Bank-Note Engraving," illustrated; "Scientific Method in Board Schools," "The Mother in Woman's Advancement," "Wellner's Sail-Wheel Flying Machine," illustrated; "The Mutual Aid Society of the Senses," illustrated; "The Scientific Work of Tyndall," "The Highest Mountain Ascent," and other articles. Published at New York.

COOL CUSTOMERS.

AMUSING surprises come from men who are "as cool as a cucumber." They provide a mine of mirth for the observer of queer human cranks. But it occasionally happens that what these people do takes someone very much aback. There is inconvenience as well as humor in the situation.

A clergyman in one of the southern states recently experienced this. He had united a man and woman in the bonds of holy matrimony, and he duly received what he supposed was his fee. It was put in a sealed envelope. But his cheerful anticipations were doomed to disappointment. When he opened the envelope he found no dollars, but a peculiar promissory note from the bridegroom to the following effect—

"If she turns out as well as I think she will, I will come back and pay you for your services."

It was cool, but not satisfactory.

A thrill that was decidedly not pleasure was felt by two eminent men of science who on one occasion acted as Government Commissioners. There had been a fatal explosion in the Haswell Colliery. Sir Charles Lyell and Professor Faraday went down to examine those who might, perhaps, throw light on the terrible occurrence.

Faraday was thorough in his questions. He asked a matter-of-fact witness how the rate of flow of air currents was measured. For answer the man took a pinch of gunpowder, like snuff, from a box and let it fall through the flame of a candle. A bystander with a watch had to time the rate at which the smoke could travel. This was the rough-and-ready method adopted.

"You keep the bag tightly tied?" asked the Commissioner.

"Oh, Yes!"

"But where do you keep it?" Faraday persisted.

"You are sitting on it," was the unconcerned answer.

In the midst of the exciting experiments the bag of gunpowder had been allotted him for his seat.

Two French tramps exhibited the cool side of their rogues' life to perfection. They came to a bolted and barred mansion in the neighborhood of the Rhone. The owners of the house were away. A lock was soon forced, and entry was obtained. But the vagabonds were not content to rob and depart. The coast seemed clear, and the quarters were comfortable. They were in splendidly furnished apartments, with cellars stocked with choice wines, and a larder not quite bare of provisions. The tramps decided to stay.

They helped themselves freely to every luxury in the place. They lived in the drawing-room, and broke up picture frames for firewood. The wines rapidly diminished.

It lasted just three weeks. Then the proprietor sent some workpeople in to do repairs. They caught the self invited guests. It was a surprise, and ended in arrest. The tramps were convicted.

The whim of advertising sometimes seizes upon people who are both cool and audacious. The following is hard to surpass:—

"TO RICH BACHELORS AND SPINSTERS.—A young professional man and his fiancee, both devoid of means, desire to communicate with a lady or gentleman with capital, who would adopt them and enable them to marry and start in practice."

The question is, perhaps, inevitable. Was it simplicity or merely audacity?

AT SECOND-HAND.—A simple and most touching sight might have been witnessed in a Paris church the other day, during the celebration of a fashionable and largely-attended wedding.

In the corner of the edifice, observed by few, stood a youthful couple—a mulatto girl and her equally juvenile and equally dusky sweetheart. The two appeared in

couple kneel, and when the faultlessly-attired bridegroom placed the ring on his blushing bride's finger, the young mulatto did likewise, only his ring was of metal and his bride was less fair. At length, when the procession emerged from the church, the humble couple followed, looking as if they thought they were quite as much married as their more fortunate brethren.

It was found that such was, indeed, their belief. The two lovers, who were models known to many artists in Paris, had no money wherewith to pay the priest or the registrar's fees, so had thought a wedding at second-hand would be just as effectual, and would cost nothing.

REMOTE ACQUAINTANCE.—A lady intimated that she was personally acquainted with the poet Longfellow.

"When did you meet him?" asked a friend.

"Oh—I—I," was the somewhat confused reply, "I—that is, I didn't exactly meet him myself, but I walked out of church one day with a woman who had met him, and she told me all about him."

Her degree of acquaintanceship was about equal to that of a woman who felt that she "really knew the Queen."

An American Minister was once persuaded, against his better judgment, to introduce a countrywoman at the Court of St. James's. It is not a part of a Minister's duty to act as social sponsor for ambitious nobodies, or to introduce at Court people who do not know how to behave when they get there.

But the Queen received the woman kindly, and the matter promised to end well, when imagine the Minister's horror on hearing, in reply to the Queen's courteous greeting, the woman say—

"I feel as if I had known you a long time. You know, the same doctor attends both of us."

ECONOMICAL.—A hideous old negress with a deformed back and a few discolored fangs in the place of teeth, called one day upon a gentleman who had been her employer, and announced—

"Mistah, I'se gwine ter git merried!"

"Get married, auntie!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Why, I'm surprised; isn't the change a little sudden?"

"Yes, tol'able sudden; but bettah late den nebber."

"Oh, well!" answered the friend politely, "a lady is never too old to marry, I suppose—if she falls in love."

"But I'se not fallen in lub!"

"Marrying for money?" he said sarcastically.

"Yis, sah, dat am de solemn troof. It's money. I'se 'gaged ter Billy Jones."

"Why Billy's only twenty five, and you must be forty-five!"

"Yis, sah, dat's so; but I'se now payin' Billy fifty dollahs a year for rent, an' I'se gwine ter marry him ter save dat ermount!"

MISS ELLEN TERRY tells a good story of an aspirant to the stage. "I remember," the famous actress says, "telling the lady that it was of no use to make the attempt unless she were possessed of extreme beauty—I was thinking of Mrs. Langtry—or genius. She replied that my advice only made her the more resolved, because she had both."

Dobbins' Electric Soap is cheaper for you to use, if you follow directions, than any other Soap would be, if given to you; for by its use CLOTHES ARE SAVED. Clothes cost more than soap. This soap cost in 1869 twenty cents a bar. Now it costs nine. It contains precisely the same ingredients, and no others, now as then, and costs less than half. Buy it of your grocer, use it and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he knows that he can buy it of his wholesale grocer. The genuine always has our name on the wrapper. Look out for imitations. There are many of them.

PRESERVATION of clothes by the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap, is an established [illegible] you proven to save a cent or two on soap, or dollars on clothes. You can't do both. Buy Dobbins' Electric and look on every wrapper for the name of

DOBBINS SOAP M'F'G CO.,
Successors to I. L. Cragin & Co.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PRIZES ON PATENTS

How to get $100 and Perhaps Make a Fortune.

We secure patents and to induce people to keep track of their bright ideas we offer a prize of one hundred dollars to be paid on the first of every month to the person who submits to us the most meritorious invention during the preceding month. We will also advertise the invention free of charge in the National Recorder, a weekly newspaper, published in Washington, D. C., which has an extensive circulation throughout the United States and is devoted to the interests of inventors.

NOT SO HARD AS IT SEEMS

The idea of being able to invent something strikes most people as being very difficult; this delusion the Company wishes to dispel. It is the simple things and small inventions that make the greatest amount of money, and the complex ones are seldom profitable. Almost everybody, at some time or another, conceives an idea, which, if patented, would probably be worth to him a fortune. Unfortunately such ideas are usually dismissed without thought. The simple inventions like the car window which could be easily slid up and down without breaking the passenger's back, the sauce pan, the collar button, the nut lock, the bottle stopper, the snow shovel, are things that almost everyone sees some way of improving upon, and it is these kind of inventions that bring the greatest returns to the author.

The prize we offer will be paid at the end of each month, whether the application has been acted upon by the Patent Office or not. Every competitor must apply for a patent on his invention through us, and whether he secures the prize or not, the inventor will have a valuable patent.

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Gen'l Manager,
618 F St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

P. S. The responsibility of this company may be judged from the fact that its stock is held by about seventeen hundred of the leading newspapers of the United States.

BOOKKEEPING SIMPLIFIED. (WAGGENER'S.) Mailed on receipt of price, $1 00. Send for Circular. C. R. DEACON, Publisher, 237 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

I WILL Send Clairvoyant diagnosis if you will send me a

PATENTS Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fee until patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

• FAT PEOPLE •
Park Obesity Pills reduce your weight 15 lbs a month. NO STARVING wrinkles or injury. NO EXPERIMENT positive relief. Price $2 00 by mail prepaid, particulars [sealed] 4c. PARK REMEDY CO., Boston, Mass.

JOSIAH.

Thousands Sold at $2.50.

NOW OFFERED FREE.

There has been but one book written since MARK TWAIN'S palmy days that has possessed his power to charm by wit, and fascinate by fidelity to nature.

SAMANTHA

THAT LITERARY SENSATION IS

SAMANTHA at SARATOGA.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE
(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in balmy breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

ALL THE EXTREMES OF FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION.

"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE," in a vein of strong common sense that is pure and innocent as the prattle of a child, keeps the reader constantly enjoying

An Ever Fresh Feast of Fun.

It takes off follies, flirtations, low-necked dressing, dudes, pug dogs, tobogganing, etc., in the author's inimitable and mirth-provoking style.

The 100 Illustrations by Opper are Just Killing.

NEARLY 100,000 SOLD AT $2.50 EACH.

We will send this $2.50 Elegant Cloth Bound richly Illustrated Humorous Book as a premium for TWO yearly subscriptions to THE POST at $2.00 each, or to any one who will send $4 00 for two years subscription in advance. The Book alone will be sent, postage paid, for $1.25.

Address all orders to—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Humorous.

THE MAIDEN'S MISTAKE.

"Something in blue? Why, certainly!"
The clerk says, with a smile,
For oh! the very loveliest girl
Is standing in the aisle!
And though the clerk is sometimes cross
He is so charmed by her
That he unrolls piece after piece,
Without the least demur.

At last the maiden cries: "Oh, my!
Now isn't that too sweet!"
And, looking in her eyes, the clerk
Say: "Yes; that can't be beat."
"Now, how much shall I need," she says,
"To make a pretty dress?"
And he replied: "Just seven yards,
You couldn't do with less."

"Seven yards," she says: "$10.50, then.
All right. Please send it out,"
And then she wonders what the clerk
Is so amused about.
"Excuse me! Seventeen yards in all,"
He says. "The style deceives.
You'll need the seven yards for the dress
And ten more for the sleeves."

—U. N. Nonz.

Puffed up—A cigar.

Men of rank—Soldiers.

Held up—The umbrella.

Black male—A colored man.

Case of importance—An official envelope.

Wanted to know—In what tone the voice of Nature speaks.

When was B the first letter in the alphabet?—In the day of No A (Noah).

A delicate parcel to be forwarded by rail—A young lady wrapped up in herself.

Told by a nursemaid—The farther away a man gets from his baby the more he praises its good behavior.

Sybil: "When Steve proposed to me he acted like a fish out of water." Tirple: "Why shouldn't he? He knew he was caught."

"I hear friend Rudiger has got married to an Italian lady?" B: "Yes, he went South to save his lungs, and has lost his heart."

Griggs: "Don't you think Dr. Bolus is a pretty good physician?" Briggs: "Good physician? Well, I should say not. Why, the man can't cure a ham."

Kitty: "You'll ... ing to send that ... me for my beautiful and exquisite gift."

Tramp: "About a year ago I came by and you gave me an old vest. You may not know it, madame, but there was a $5 note in that vest." Lady of the house: "Mercy! Have you brought it back?" Tramp: "Not much! I've come for another vest."

The following was received from an applicant for the post of organist by a church committee: "Gentlemen—I noticed your advertisement for organist and music teacher, either white or colored. Having been both for several years, I wish to offer my services."

Taper: "I should like two weeks' absence, if you please, sir, to attend the wedding of a very dear friend of mine." Employer: "It must be a very dear friend indeed to make you want so much time. Who is it?" Taper: "Well, sir, after the ceremony she will be my wife."

After the battle of Custozza, a soldier supposed to have been killed was entered on the books of his company, "Died on the 24th of June," etc. A few days afterwards it turned out that he was still alive, and the honest quartermaster made the following entry—"Died by mistake." At length there came a letter from the Ministry of War announcing the death of the man at the hospital, when the sergeant recorded the fact as follows—"Re-died by order of the Ministry."

Uncle Gabe walked around the stalwart foot ball player with an air of critical curiosity; he looked up and down as he would have done a horse he was about to purchase.

"Amandy!"

"What is it, Gabe?"

"He's nigh onto six foot, ain't he?"

"Every inch of it."

"Weigh about 190 odd?"

"I reckon."

"Well foot ball certainly does develop 'em most powerful."

"Certainly, a fine young man."

"Sho! Mandy, Professor Bunter told me hisself 't that feller's in his fourth year! Talk 'bout your oatmeal porridge!"

"Mister," he said plaintively, "I'm hard up, I am. I hain't had no place ter sleep for three days."

"What's that?" exclaimed the kind hearted man.

"It's dead right," replied Meandering Mike; "dead right, mister, an' I kin prove it, if ye'll gimme a quarter."

"Very well," said the kind-hearted man. "Here's 25 cents, and you can step around with me to the charitable authorities while I investigate."

"There ain't no need ter go so far. De reason I ain't had no place ter sleep fur three days is because nine or ten hours at a time is enough for me ter sleep. I didn't wanter sleep for three days." And he vanished, leaving one more cynic behind him.

SOME COLORED ODDITIES.—Some of the colored people in the South are very amusing in their curious facility for, or carelessness in mispronouncing and miscalling names and things. And it by no means proceeds from stupidity always, but seems to be the result of some inherent habit of talking to suit themselves.

Every one has heard the colored washerwoman speak of "consecrated" lye; but her use of the article is certainly not conducive to a consecrated frame of mind in those whose raiment has undergone its destructive treatment.

One tells of hiring a vehicle from the "liberal" stables, which we all know to be a figure of speech indeed!

The fall always brings a long-drawn out series of religious services which they call "contractive" meetings, though they may hold for six weeks.

Our cook, Amy, is a woman of great intelligence, very quick to understand, and with a good flow of excellent language, and yet her apparently wilful mispronouncings of words and names often make us smile privately. The lattice work on the piazza is "atlas" work. And one day she asked for a bottle of household "pneumonia."

One old colored woman came to us once for some things for a sick child to eat. Among other things given her was some potted ham.

The next day she informed us that her son had "relished all the things, and especially that 'departed' ham."

C. E. M.

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.—The history of gold mining in California is full of instances where abandoned claims have subsequently yielded a rich return and where shafts sunk as far as capital would permit have afterward made rich fortunes for more fortunate capitalists.

The stories told about such experiences in the Comstock and in other famous mines are as household words in mining circles, and there are occasional anecdotes in connection with less historical enterprises. One story relates to the casual visit of John Jillson to Siskiyou county years ago in search of a recreant debtor who owed him $200.

Times were hard, and Jillson, when he found his man, accepted $200 "on account" and started home again.

"What is land worth here?" asked Jillson.

"Not much of anything," was the reply.

"One hundred dollars cash."

"Done," said Jillson, going down into his pocket.

The price was paid, a deed given, the sellers walked away, the buyer took off his coat and went to work. The next day he struck it rich and in a month cleaned up $13,000.

DR. SHADE'S CHLORIDUM TREATMENT FOR CONSUMPTION JUST GIVEN TO THE PUBLIC.

Dr. P. Brett Morgan, Professor of lung diseases in the San Francisco Homeopathic College, Cal., says: "Dr. N. Bodar Shade's Chloridum treatment for Consumption is the greatest discovery of the century." Dr. Phillips, late physician to the Bellevue hospital, New York, Dr. J. R. Patterson, 42 F Street, N. E., and Hon. W. Sanford Brown, 1408 Corcoran Street, Washington, D. C., are among the number cured of Consumption by the Chloridum treatment.

For particulars of the Washington Times investigation and symptom blanks, write to

THE CHLORIDUM CO.,
1231 14th St., Washington, D. C.

Sick
Or Bilious
Headache
Cured by Taking

AYER'S
Cathartic Pills

Awarded
Medal and Diploma
At World's Fair.

Ask your Druggist for Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

DOLLARD & CO.,

TOUPEE

1223
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia,
Premier Artistes
IN HAIR.

WIG

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frisettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps ... Also DOLLARD'S ... be used in conjunction ... tract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 22, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinders.

On and after November 18, 1894.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philadp.

Buffalo Day Express (Parlor and Dining Car), daily, 9.00 a m, via L. V. R. R.
Buffalo and Chicago Express (Through Sleeping Cars), daily, 6.45 p m, 9.45 p m, via L. V. R. R.
Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.
Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 11.35 a m, (12.27, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.30, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.25, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.30 a m, 12.35, 3.30 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 4.30, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 5.00, 5.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 8.45, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.00 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 9.00 a m., 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 p m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3362 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, C. G. HANCOCK,
General Superintendent. General Passenger Agent.

IF YOU WANT INFORMATION ABOUT

PENSIONS

SOLDIERS, WIDOWS, CHILDREN, PARENTS.

Also, for Soldiers and Sailors disabled in the line of duty in the regular Army or Navy since the war. Survivors of the Indian wars of 1832 to 1842, and their widows, now entitled. Old and rejected claims a specialty. Thousands entitled to higher rates. Send for new laws. No charge for advice. No fee until successful.

MAGIC LANTERNS
AND VIEWS.

For Public Lectures, School, Church or Home.

WORLD'S FAIR

and other interesting subjects. Send 3c. stamp for Catalogue.

J. W. MARCY SCIOPTICON CO.,
1009 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WORK FOR ALL. $75 a month salary and expenses paid. If you want employment write at once to P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

"I wept when I was born, and every day shows why." said A House-keeper — who didn't use SAPOLIO

Sapolio is a solid cake of scouring soap used for all cleaning purposes

"Ah! Ah!" Cried the Housewife, "The Secret I know, no DIRT can resist SAPOLIO."

"Oh! Oh!" Cried the DIRT, "At length I must go, I cannot withstand SAPOLIO."